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The Week

OVERSHADOWING all other developments in the week's foreign news is the projected meeting between Poincaré and Theunis, with the expectation that it may grow into a gathering of the four Allied Premiers at which Belgian dissatisfaction over the French reparations policy will be reinforced by the blunt common sense of Mr. Baldwin, expressing the demand of the British that the new German offer shall not be treated so cavalierly as was the last. Meanwhile Cuno, struggling over the terms of that offer, is harassed by the industrialists on one side and the Socialists and labor on the other. The mark, in its catastrophic descent has passed the Austrian crown and the Polish mark, having sunk in a few months from 1,300 to more than 75,000 to the dollar. The Reichsbank made no attempt to halt last week's downward swing, and the German government has acknowledged the repudiation of its internal debts by paying off war loans at one seven-thousandth of their gold value. The London Times joins the International Chamber of Commerce in demanding an impartial international tribunal to settle the reparations question—a proposal which the French section of the International Chamber promptly repudiates.

IN other matters, the week in European affairs has been one of comparative harmony. The French are satisfied with the British agreement not to press the inquiry into the bad administration of the Saar, on the understanding that the restrictive measures there are to be regarded as only temporary. The two governments have also come to an agreement on Morocco and Tunis which, it is hinted, may involve concessions to Great Britain on the mainland opposite Gibraltar. At Lausanne, Greece and Turkey have patched up their difficulties and the centre of interest is shifted to the demand by French and other European owners of Turkish bonds that they be paid in pounds sterling, which would bankrupt the Angora government out of hand. The negotiations between Lord Curzon and the Soviet government have proceeded amicably to the point where the Russian authorities seem willing to renounce propaganda in Afghanistan, Persia and Turkestan, if Great Britain will sign a duplicate reciprocal guarantee. The Communist flareup in South Germany has subsided at least for the moment. President Millerand, evidently stung by criticism, denies that French steel interests are behind the invasion of the Ruhr. The Opium Commission of the League of Nations has resorted to quibbling in its effort to placate the Americans and still leave the present world situation substantially unaltered. Egyptian martial law has been substituted for British martial law in Egypt, which must be a rather dubious satisfaction to the Egyptians who are muzzled by it.

PROHIBITION, as usual, held the centre of the stage in the United States. Governor Smith of New York signed the repeal of the state prohibition enforcement act, thereby leaving the technical legal situation approximately the same, but morally and in popular interpretation moving a step toward nullification. The Treasury Department announces rules as to liquor on foreign vessels enter-

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ing the territorial waters of this country which violate the regulations of nearly all maritime nations and are certain to make us even more heartily disliked abroad than we are already. The alleged demerits of the World Court continue to dominate the political scene. Efforts to force the resignation of John T. Adams, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, because of his attacks on the Allies, have only resulted in revealing the size of the breach which divides the Republican party, and have drawn from Chairman Adams a defiant demand that the Democratic leaders should declare themselves for or against the League of Nations —something they obviously intend to avoid if they can possibly do so. Meanwhile the strongest aid the World Court project has yet received is forthcoming with the announcement that the Federal Council of Churches will appeal to the 20,000,000 American church members on its behalf.

PRESIDENT HARDING courageously adds to the ammunition of his foes by refusing to reduce the sugar tariff, despite the fact that sugar fails to follow the general price trend, which is now downward. The President has another unwelcome decision thrust upon him by the most determined and strongest of the several nation-wide efforts to secure the release of, and unconditional pardons for, the political prisoners. Mr. Hearst's rather equivocal support of Henry Ford for President on a third party ticket has been followed by widespread protests among the Jews. The Ku Klux Klan has been holding public meetings in several parts of the country, both by day and by night. From the Middle West come reports of two interesting quarrels: one, between the government and the packing firms which propose to amalgamate, and the other between the American Farm Bureau Federation and Senator Capper of Kansas over the latter's demand that the government fix prices on farm products. Those who wish their news tinctured with gloom will note particularly the fact that Mr. Daugherty positively won't resign, and the announcement that President Harding and Henry Ford are neck and neck in the Collier's Weekly poll of its readers.

NOT even the bungled business of the Saar will so discredit the League of Nations in American eyes as will the report of the League's Opium Committee. Despite Lord Robert Cecil's brave promises when in the United States, the "American plan" for restricting the production of opium throughout the world to what is needed for medicinal and scientific purposes was adopted by the committee only with such drastic reservations as make it of little real value. One of these reservations states that "the use of opium according to established usage in India is legitimate under the Hague Convention," which if it means anything at all, says that the Indian addict is not a member of the human race and is not subject to the simple laws of nature which are observable in operation throughout the rest of the world. Other reservations prepare the ground for a very pretty legal quarrel over the meaning of the Hague Convention in general. The action of the Committee boils down to this: that all countries desire that this most odious of traffics be ended, except those which profit by its production; and the latter are strong enough to prevent definite action by the Opium Committee of the League. There is still a chance, of course, for better conduct by the League Assembly when it meets next autumn; but the prospect is darkened by the Opium Committee's failure. American friends of the League must doubly regret the serious handicap put upon their efforts at a moment when the prospect of cooperation with the League by our government was brighter than it had ever been.

TO characterize Governor Smith's signing of the Mullan-Gage repealer as mere pandering to the wets is to do him an injustice. The governor's memorandum is that of a sincere man, actuated by a desire to do his duty as he sees it. The state, he thinks, is under no obligation to parallel a law of Congress. Its officers will, incidentally to their other duties, continue to aid in the enforcement of the Volstead law; but the law will have to be enforced through the federal courts, at federal expense. Primary responsibility for enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment, the governor thinks, ought to rest with the federal government. We agree that Congress cannot impose on the states the obligation of enforcing or paralleling an act of Congress. But the state's responsibility for enforcing prohibition goes deeper. It goes back to the Amendment itself, which places exactly the same obligation on the states that it places upon Congress. If both shirked the obligation the Constitution would be nullified in so far as the Eighteenth Amendment goes. We do not see that either can morally refuse to take part in the work of enforcement.

ENFORCEMENT of prohibition is a difficult and expensive business, and it would not be strange if many other states followed the lead of New York, in shifting the burden to the federal government. If that were done generally we should need a vast federal police force operating throughout the country. We do not share President Harding's fear of conflict with the local authorities. But we do consider an intensification of federal policing undesirable. Whether this makes for undue centralization in theory, it does undoubtedly make for centralization in fact. Governor Smith, in seeking to protect the state against theoretical encroachment by the federal government, exposes the

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citizens of the state to actual encroachment. The road out seems to us quite another one. It would be more in harmony with the spirit of our institutions to place responsibility for local enforcement squarely on the states, while confining federal action to the field of interstate and foreign traffic. We think that some such arrangement will have to be made eventually, if the Eighteenth Amendment is not to become a dead letter.

"A DECENT respect for the opinions of mankind" was the inspiration of our first and most powerful national manifesto. We have grown great and mighty since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and apparently care less for the opinion of mankind. There is no other way to explain our complacency over the interference with the traditional rights of other peoples involved in the application of the Eighteenth Amendment to stores of alcoholic beverages carried by foreign ships that touch at our ports. We have a sufficiently large task on our hands to dry up our land surface and our territorial waters. We would be wiser if we let foreign ships alone, so long as they neither sell nor serve alcoholic beverages within our jurisdiction. Such beverages, carried in and out of the three mile limit under lock and key, cannot possibly contaminate us or hinder the execution of our own laws within our proper sphere. They are not our business, and a nation gains nothing by mixing in business that does not concern it.

WHILE the Socialist party in America is shrinking in numbers and decreasing in influence, organized labor marches steadily forward in efforts which have the greater stability because they are economic, not political. In recent months we have noted the growth of labor union banks, and the creation of the first labor-controlled investment company. Another important milestone was passed last week with the graduation of the first class from Brookwood Labor College, at Katonah, New York. Its members were assembled directly from the ranks of labor, and will now return to devote their newly-acquired knowledge of economics, sociology, history, journalism, etc., to advancing the welfare of their comrades. While it is easy to overestimate the value of formal education, there can be no two minds as to the desirability of equipping the coming generation of labor leaders as well as possible. Brookwood College is but one of several institutions which have lately been created for this task, which deserve the friendship and assistance of every American who wishes to see labor have at least a fighting chance.

IT would be hard to find a more effective way to create discord between England and America than has been adopted by the American archeologists who have lately been digging up the Gravesend cemetery in an incomprehensible and useless desire to find the bones of Pocahontas. Anyone with a grain of common sense must have known that the chance of success was one in a thousand and that the English would quite justifiably regard the enterprise as a piece of Yankee impertinence, bad taste and bad manners. Lord Curzon's protest is one of the few acts in his career of which the New Republic wholeheartedly approves. The sooner an end is put to the whole sorry enterprise, for which there is no shadow of archeological or historical excuse, the better.

THERE is something remarkably jumpy about the present business boom. We ascend a peak and timorously climb back, listening for a storm. Reassured, we again mount to the top and tremble. The trouble seems to be that our prosperity has not found a really solid basis either in agriculture or in foreign trade. The farmers are still held down by low prices, and the foreign markets are weak and uncertain. The accumulated requirements of the construction industry tend to pull us up, but this industry, more than almost any other yields promptly to mounting costs. When one builds at peak prices, he commits himself to the hope that the price level will through many years remain high enough to pay returns on the initial outlay. The need of building is urgent, but everybody regards construction as financially hazardous. So the banks are shutting down on credit and the material men are restricting production. And with construction slowing down, where are we to find an adequate influence making for good times?

MOST miserable of men are the writers of text books in American history. To live in peace they have to trim and trim, and even their trimming is made into a reproach against them. Commissioner Hirshfield commends the writer of a popular text book for eliminating many objectionable features from his 1923 edition, but remarks that the author switched from the traditional to the modern treatment and then back to the traditional, "indicating that historians are more subject to outside influences than to a desire to tell the real truth." The real truth! Who wants it? Certainly not Commissioner Hirshfield, who regards every bit of the Revolutionary war propaganda as sacrosanct. We wonder whether he has the same reverence for our late anti-German war propaganda. Are the school children of the future to be taught as fixed truth everything that George Creel and Lieutenant Empey circulated to stir up our fighting zeal?

THAT Secretary Hughes is not an isolated phenomenon at all, but only the forerunner of a real and world-wide glacial era, is the new hope

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held out to us by the scientists. Dr. C. G. Abbot of the National Academy of Science is authority for the statement that the sun is giving off four percent less heat than it did fifteen months ago, a statement rendered doubly interesting by the fact that the sun was only deficient to this degree the last time the Polar ice cap came down and covered the "temperate" zone—which is so-called in irony because it is the home of the most intemperate people. Captain Donald MacMillan, that intrepid explorer, is off at once for the Arctic to measure the ice and see whether it is already noticeably thicker.

SUCH an eventuality, of course, would be the very best thing which could happen to the human race. In the face of a common peril, and especially one which approached so slowly that there would be no necessity for panic, differences would be forgotten and we would all work together for the common good. French ambitions on the Rhine and the housing problem in New York would be ameliorated at a stroke, since the Ruhr would be occupied, not by soldiers but glaciers, and Manhattan apartments would be chilly beyond the janitor's most ambitious dreams. The northern populations would, naturally, move south toward the equator and the pressure of inhabitants upon the reduced land area available would make it necessary to introduce really intelligent agricultural methods for the first time. In fact, the advantages of a new glacial epoch are so obvious that we suggest the League of Nations should create a committee immediately to cooperate with the Tucson (Arizona) Chamber of Commerce to make sure that it is brought about.

ALL the state laws prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages to children in the schools, whether public or private, have been smashed by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Nebraska case. It is a decision which makes for liberalism and common sense. We are sorry that one of the best liberals in the Court, Mr. Justice Holmes, found himself compelled to dissent. His reasons have, as usual, great weight. A common language is a national need, and there may be circumstances in which drastic action by the states is necessary to ensure it. But our own history, as well as that of other countries, indicates that linguistic assimilation proceeds most rapidly where compulsion is held to the lowest limits. The acts prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages sprang out of a war hysteria that did us small credit. They were retained on the statute books because Know Nothingism succeeded to the hysteria. Their enforcement worked to establish lines between Americans descended from the English speaking peoples, and all other Americans. In so far they were prejudicial to our spiritual unity, which is infinitely more important to the nation than linguistic uniformity. They made a virtue out of ignorance of foreign cultures and literatures, at a time when the position of the United States requires the maximum of understanding. Finally they set a precedent for unrestrained interference by the politicians with the educational process, not only in public but in private schools. Happily the decision is broad enough to make education, within reasonable limits, a field of personal liberty with which officialdom may not interfere.

THE next time the United States goes to war, said President Harding in a recent speech, "we will not alone call to service the youth of the land, which has, in the main, fought all our wars, but we will draft every resource, every activity, all of wealth . . . it [the conflict] shall be without profit to the noncombatant participants except as they share in the triumph of the nation." These are brave words; and it is a pity that Mr. Harding should not have given credit to the real author of the idea, Bernard M. Baruch, former Chairman of the War Industries Board, who for several years has been advocating the conscription of the country's industrial resources in the case of another war. It is also a pity that the President did nothing to aid the resolution looking in this direction, which was introduced in the last Congress, and died there. What seems probable is that President Harding, being like most people entirely incapable of envisaging another war as a real possibility, has uttered a pleasant bit of sentiment which he would be far from putting into effect in case war came. Certainly there is little in the first two years of his administration to make anyone believe he has the ruthless vigor and the passion for equalitarianism which would be necessary to bring about the sacrifice of wealth on anything like equal terms with the sacrifice of flesh and blood.

A DISTINGUISHED list of foreign visitors will be present at the third annual session of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., next July. Viscount Birkenhead and Sir Edward Grigg will lead the British delegation, and lecturers from the Argentine, France, Germany, Russia and other countries will be present. The Institute of Politics is a "safe and sane" affair. Rarely are radicals or even pronounced liberals heard at its meetings. It is nevertheless an enterprise which even at its worst is harmless, and at its best is capable of doing a great deal for the cause of international amity. In particular, its sessions, as reported in detail in papers like the New York Times and the Christian Science Monitor, give the readers of those newspapers a useful "short course" in current international relations. Its three year experiment proves that the Institute has made a real place for itself, and deserves to go on.

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THE suggestion that the Angora government is almost bankrupt and must therefore yield to the Allies with a good grace, turns out to be entirely and absurdly false. Turkey, it appears, has a resource which can fill her coffers more than overflowing—a resource of which she might have remained ignorant but for the enterprise of a syndicate of Swiss capitalists. The potential source of wealth is cats, Angora cats; and the syndicate wishes permission to export a million of them a year to be sold at $50 each in England and America. They will pay $1 each for the cats, plus export duties of a dollar or two more. Presto! the financial problem of Mustapha Kemal is solved in a fashion which Colonel Mulberry Sellers might well have envied. It is rather hard on England and America, to be sure, but what does that matter when one contemplates a vision of the Ottoman Empire restored and flourishing?

Guarantees for the Indemnity

THE French will have to get out of the Ruhr, sooner or later. Whatever they may have dreamed at first, they now know that their position east of the Rhine is not indefinitely tenable, morally or diplomatically. They cannot stay until the indemnity has been paid off. But neither can they leave, without acknowledging diplomatic defeat, until they have received a more binding promise of indemnity payment than they had before they went in. Hence the persistent discussion of "guarantees." The French require something better than the mere promise of a government which cannot keep its monetary medium from dropping into the abyss, and which is quite unable to levy adequate taxes on wealth and collect them. French policy is to be censured for many other things, but hardly for its insistence upon something more solid than paper promises.

But what guarantees can France take? There was a time when the military occupation of a province or two would stir a nation to the effort of making payment and freeing itself of the obnoxious sight of alien soldiers. But that time has gone by. The Germans are used to occupation. Its continuance has no new horrors for them. Even its extension affords no effective threat. And so the French are turning to economic guarantees. Tardieu still continues to write, for political effect, of turning the Ruhr industries to productive account and applying the profits to the indemnity. But apparently nobody else shares the illusion that there would be any profits under such conditions. France will have to look elsewhere for her guarantees.

It seems to be clear that the only guarantee worthy of the name must rest upon the productive credit of German industry. We have suggested before the possibility of placing in the hands of trustees for the benefit of the indemnity, preference shares in German industrial corporations. If to these were added mortgages on real estate held in large parcels and on the mines, the base of the guarantee ought to be sufficiently broad. The total property of the large industrial, financial and commercial companies, together with the large real estate holdings and mining properties must amount to twenty-five billion dollars in gold. A first mortgage, or preferential income claim for forty per-cent on these properties would sufficiently guarantee all the legitimate indemnity claims.

But such a procedure would place the burden of the indemnity squarely on the capitalists of Germany. Naturally they would fight it. Like all other Germans, the capitalists would prefer to pay no indemnity at all. But if an indemnity must be paid, they want it to take the form of a general charge upon the nation, which they may subsequently evade, if they can hold political power. And so whenever the discussion approaches the problem of economic guarantees, they are fertile in offers of their private credit. They will advance the annuity on a large part of the indemnity, provided that the government will turn the railways over to private hands, constitute iron clad tobacco and sugar monopolies, abolish the eight-hour day, and impose all manner of indirect taxes.

As an alternative to surrendering a part of their vested interests outright as an indemnity guarantee, the big industrialists offer thus to act as agents to collect the sum out of the standard of living and the over-time labor of the general population. The one plan would weaken the position of German capitalism, not only for the period of the indemnity payments, but beyond that period. It would offer final proof that industry and employment are not in any way bound up with the receipt by private persons of ground rents, mining royalties, and the preference returns to industrial companies. After the German state got through with the indemnity it would be likely to turn such receipts to public raher than private uses. The other plan would in effect turn the German state over to capital, to be employed as an instrument for cutting off the last item of superfluous expense in the general consumption, for extracting the last foot pound of energy from the working population. If it were adopted the German capitalist would be in a most enviable position when the indemnity was cleared off. He would have under his command the most broken-spirited and cheapest labor in the Occident.

The French will retire only with economic guarantees; the guarantees will have to take one or the other of these forms. It goes without saying that the guarantees question contains the germ of a mighty class struggle. Neither the capitalist nor the socialistic workmen's organizations will yield without a bitter fight. The forces are nearly enough matched so that the pressure of the Allies might easily be the deciding factor.

On which side will British, French and Italian

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influence be thrown? In all three countries the political balance leans heavily toward capital. Baldwin, Mussolini and Poincaré are friends of the great financiers and big industrialists. They know the language of Stinnes and his ideals seem reasonable to them. If business is placed in control of the German state, the foundations of business control will be strengthened everywhere.

It would be to the interest of capitalists as an international class to turn Germany over to Stinnes and his kind. But capitalists are less capable of standing together than any other class. They are constantly being pulled asunder by competition. A semi-socialistic Germany which first applied the cream of the property income to the indemnity, thereby learning how to apply it to domestic uses, would be a far less dangerous competitor of Allied capitalism than a Germany under the thumb of the great capitalists.

What is more important, a semi-socialistic Germany would be a much less dangerous neighbor for France. Place Germany under the domination of the great captains of industry and she will very quickly begin to reach again for world markets, and ultimately for world power. Her wage slaves will recognize the effects of the indemnity in their straitened conditions of life and will grasp eagerly at any opportunity to liberate themselves. A social-democratic Germany would soon discover that paying an indemnity out of rents and interest on bonds is merely a substitution of alien economic parasites for domestic ones, affecting the standards of the workingman little or not at all. And it would find better uses than war for the income released when the indemnity was paid off.

If the Allied statesmen wish to collect a considerable indemnity and at the same time strengthen the foundations of European peace they will demand as guarantees direct claims upon German property and business. The Cuno government may not be willing to give such guarantees. But it would not take long for the democratic elements in Germany to organize a new government that would give such guarantees, if there were a definite promise of the lifting of the international curse upon the nation at no other cost than the surrender of vested interests largely created since the war at the expense of the unprivileged citizen.

Mr. Munsey Buys

THE experiment in democracy which is now in progress in this country depends for its success in large measure upon the honesty and intelligence of journalism. The citizen gets his impression of the world about him from his newspaper; and the wisdom of his actions will vary with the accuracy and discernment with which city, state, nation and world are reported to him.

The welfare of the press is therefore a matter of grave general concern; and we may be pardoned for referring again to the purchase of the New York Globe by Frank A. Munsey, mentioned in our pages last week. Not only is the fact of the sale itself a catastrophe to liberal journalism, but the situation which it so strikingly illustrates is such as might well cause any young man who contemplates newspaper work as a career to turn back on the threshold.

This is not to say that the Globe was a paragon of virtues, nor that Mr. Munsey had not a perfect right to buy it if he chose and if the owners were —as was obviously the case—eager to sell. The Globe had plenty of faults; but it had at the same time the most important and the rarest of journalistic virtues: its editors had no axe to grind. The accident of absentee ownership, first and for many years by an aged recluse in a little town in Massachusetts, and recently by his heir, a man without journalistic training or interest in public affairs, gave the editors an opportunity, almost unique in recent newspaper history, to tell the truth as they saw it, without fear or favor. The result was a daily product as to which many persons shared the view expressed by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe that it was one of the only two editorial pages in New York worth the serious attention of an intelligent man.

That such a paper should be bought, by Mr. Munsey or by anyone else is, therefore, a happening of some social importance; but the mere purchase is overshadowed by the fact that it was bought for the purpose of killing it. Mr. Munsey of course would deny with indignation that such was his plan; he has announced the consolidation of the Globe with his Evening Sun, has taken over several of its writers and artists into the combined paper, and has retained others for the benefit of his Evening Telegram. Yet it is perfectly obvious that the journalistic quality which endeared the Globe to its readers is one which Mr. Munsey does not understand, or if he does, despises. Certainly the ideals which were implicit in the Globe's editorial page and to a lesser degree in its selection and handling of news are badly out of harmony with Mr. Munsey's ultra-conservative notions. Every journalist in New York is aware that in conducting his newspapers Mr. Munsey is a despot; whether he be a benevolent one or not is of no importance in noting the result, which is that his ideas, and his alone, are presented in his columns.

This is certainly nothing to get hysterical about; it is the common practice of newspaper owners throughout the country, and their general verdict, in which he would undoubtedly concur, would be that one would be a fool to tolerate anything else. The circumstance does, however, make it legitimate to inquire: what *are* Mr. Munsey's ideas? What sort of journalism does he practice?

It is in no way disrespectful to point out that Mr. Munsey is not a journalist at all in any proper or usual meaning of the word. He showed the color of his mind, once and for all, when he came

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to New York as a poor boy from Maine and started the "story papers" of which The Argosy still survives and to which his own penny-dreadful stories about poor boys who get ahead in the world were the most distinguished contributions. Everyone knows that if Mr. Munsey were financially dependent on the success of his numerous newspaper ventures he would be bankrupt; he is an extremely able Wall Street financier whose recreation is journalism as with another it might be "gentleman farming."

Since he is thus an amateur of journalism, it is not surprising that the editorial effectiveness of his journals is small out of all proportion to the money he spends on them. He buys the two greatest names in the history of American newspapers —the New York Herald and the New York Sun; and combines them into a paper with a circulation only a little larger than that of the Sun alone. He gives the latter's name to the evening edition, a profitable business enterprise in a day when evening papers are all fattening at the expense of their morning contemporaries; but despite his opened strongbox it remains a paper with hardly any discernible influence, which is almost never quoted in other periodicals but sinks peacefully into oblivion edition by edition as it comes fresh from the press. The most heroic efforts have been unable to raise it above the 200,000 mark in circulation.

Even the Sun, of course, is a far more literate sheet than Mr. Munsey's other evening paper, the Telegram, which might easily be used in schools of journalism as a perfect example of what a paper should not be. It was of this journal that someone said he always perused the Sunday evening edition because he "found in it so much news he never saw anywhere else—or again." The morning Herald is similarly lacking in influence on its own account. Its editorial attitude on such a question as the World Court is taken seriously only because it is known to be the attitude of Mr. Munsey, a Republican and rich man. Arthur Brisbane, with characteristic impudence, summed up this interesting personality last week in two phrases. "Mr. Munsey," he said, "is to newspapers what Herod was to babies," and he added an epitome of the Munsey career in six words: "Forty years, forty failures, forty millions." This guess at Mr. Munsey's fortune contains another forty—it is forty percent too large, which is fairly accurate, as daily journalism goes.

Mr. Munsey and his peculiarities, while interesting enough, are not, however, the most important aspect of the social problem involved in the sale of such a newspaper as the Globe. That a great liberal daily should survive or die at the whim of one rich man or another, and its highly skilled staff of scores of writers and editors find themselves secure in tenure or suddenly turned into the streets, is certainly a serious enough business. What the community as a whole should note, however, is that this sale is but one of a number in recent years all of which have centred about the attempt to get conrol of an Associated Press franchise.

This huge news-gathering organization is a cooperative venture; its member newspapers share the cost of operation jointly, and as in the case of a gentleman's club, no news franchise may be granted in any city without the unanimous consent of the other Associated Press papers there. This consent is nowadays almost never granted and in consequence a franchise in such a city as New York has a cash value variously estimated all the way from $400,000 to $1,000,000. It is an extremely open secret that the main motive in the purchase of the Globe and in many other newspaper sales throughout the country in recent years, was to secure one of these all-precious memberships.

It is clear that the welfare of the people of the United States would be enormously served if the Associated Press would revise its by-laws and permit any newspaper to be served which can afford to pay its proportionate share of the cost of operation. The service itself would also be hugely improved by the additional funds. Moreover, competition among newspapers would then be restored to its proper sphere, that of intelligence in editing and handling news, and brilliance and discernment in editorial comment; instead of being, as at present, a mere struggle of rich men to get control of the one virtually indispensable news source. To point out this truth is not to disparage the value of the competing privately-owned news services. They perform a useful function; and no better thing could happen than for one of them to become a genuine competitor for the Associated Press, quantitatively as well as qualitatively. Yet the fact remains that the publishers themselves do not feel there is any equivalent for the Associated Press today; and in view of the enormous and growing cost of collecting news, genuine competition seems most unlikely. In the meantime, therefore, such catastrophes as that which overtook the Globe are likely to be repeated over and over. Good papers will be sacrificed to aid bad ones, and strength destroyed for the benefit of weakness; and the country must get along as best it can under this curious perversion of the jungle law that the fittest shall survive.

Foes of Freedom

A DIPPERFUL of news scooped up from the current of recent events contains some interesting and significant items. Angry "patriots" have been appearing before Governor Smith of New York to protest the repeal of the Lusk anti-sedition laws. Upton Sinclair has been arrested at Los Angeles, California, for reading the Constitution of the United States aloud on a street

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corner, and the same fair city of climate and cowardice bans the New Republic from its public school libraries on the theory that its contents may be "dangerous."

President Neilson of Smith College is driven to cry out in public that legislators should keep their hands off and allow historians to write textbooks which tell the truth. Mr. David Hirshfield, New York City's Commissioner of Accounts, publishes a 40,000 word report condemning eight of the leading textbooks in American history as being insufficiently anti-English in tone. Los Angeles, detemined to be thrice illustrious, builds a stockade of barbed wire and concrete to hold striking marine transport workers. The men are I. W. W.'s arrested under a California state law which makes it a penal offence to be a member of a society advocating syndicalism—a law against which only a pitifully small number of citizens of the state have dared raise their voices. Clark University at Worcester, Massachusetts, follows the Los Angeles example and bars the New Republic and the Nation from its library shelves though it has room for such weighty publications as Punch and the Illustrated London News.

A Columbia student is kidnapped by a masked band of his fellows and, with the hearty approval of a Yonkers policeman who wandered by, is badly beaten. The "crime" of this student, a war veteran who fought in the Argonne and at St. Mihiel, was writing a letter to the editor of the college paper upholding the right of students to make facetious remarks from dormitory windows while the all-sacred Reserve Officers' Training Corps was parading on the campus. New York State has escaped only by a hair's breadth and by sheer accident the enactment of one of the most absurd book censorship laws ever proposed. Only a few days ago William J. Burns was roundly applauded for promising, if Congress will pass two bills now pending, to "drive every radical out of the country."

In 1919 and 1920 we were told that the all-too-frequent brutal assaults upon that "freedom of speech, of the press, and the right of the people peaceably to assemble" which is provided in the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, were part of the war hysteria, which would work itself out with the passing of time; but these attacks upon democratic principles are obviously increasing in violence and frequency with the passage of time. Some other explanation is evidently necessary.

In our judgment the matter is to be explained in terms of a nation which suddenly finds itself rich in a world where poverty is the rule. With countries as with individuals, it is comparatively easy to be fair-minded and liberal when you are poor; but when you are enjoying great material blessings and especially when you feel in your heart that you are not fairly entitled to those blessings, fear is easily converted into rage against all critics, and that rage into a determination to silence every hostile voice no matter what invasion of fundamental rights is required in the process. The poverty of the other nations and the enormous increment in wealth which the war brought to America would in themselves be sufficient to account for the hysteria from which we are suffering; but the Russian experiment in Communism has served as a powerful additional stimulant for this movement. It is not all of America, of course, which has been enriched. Most of these temporal benefits have accrued to a single class, and its members have seen the similar class in Russia stripped of all their possessions. Despite the incessant reiterations by the American press that Communism in Russia is a failure, it is clear that the ruling group in the United States is by no means sure that it would not work here; and is violently determined not to permit the experiment to be made. Since this class is the most powerful in determining the course of public opinion as it is expressed in newspapers, magazines, schools, colleges and in new legislation in municipalities and states, it is able to secure results out of all proportion to its numerical strength—and this despite the fact that these results are probably resented by an actual majority of the population.

If this analysis is correct, it is not safe for those who believe in democratic principles to lie back and wait complacently for the "wave of reaction" to pass. It may not pass; we may wake up too late, to discover that the liberties we have so comfortably taken for granted have been abrogated. Those in a position to know assert that today there is on the whole less actual freedom of thought in the United States than in any other important country in the world, including even Russia; for such freedom is not delimited merely by written statute but by social pressure, and every American liberal knows how heavily the latter bears. Those who are concerned for the preservation of freedom should remember that eternal vigilance is required. They must fight now and fight hard.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The German Loan Delusion

THE war accustomed us to vast credit operations between governments. Since the war, reconstruction loans, "to stabilize the exchanges," have been a favorite panacea of philanthropists. In particular, many hopes of solving the Reparation question and of satisfying France at the same time have been built up on the idea that, when once Germany's annual payments for Reparation have been fixed at a reasonable figure, these prospective payments can be capitalized and anticipated by means of a vast international loan.

These hopes reached their highest point when a Committee of Bankers, which included Mr. Pierpont Morgan, met at Paris in May, 1922, and indicated that, on terms, great sums could be raised. Since that time sceptical doubts have increased about both the necessity and the possibility of such a transaction. Lord Curzon's recent complaint to Germany, that her proposal was made to depend on the feasibility of a loan, was a sign of this. Nevertheless, Germany made her offer in this form because she thought that this was the fashionable way in which to dress it; and the loan still figures in most paper schemes for settling Europe.

Why the Loan Is Chimerical

It is, therefore, worth while to repeat that the great International Loan is an absurdity—an impossible and injurious chimera. Germany, in any case, can only pay by annual instalments. It confuses the issue to introduce complicated provisions about a loan. But it also adds unreality to a discussion which, without this addition, has difficulty enough to keep in touch with facts.

The loan is chimerical because its suggested magnitude is out of relation to the capacity of the investment market for securities of this kind. The recent German note mentioned a first loan of £1,000,000,000, and subsequent loans of a further £500,000,000. These figures correspond to those frequently mentioned in discussion, which range from £500,000,000 up to £2,000,000,000. It is fair to the Germans to admit that amongst writers on this subject £500,000,000 is often reckoned a low figure and £1,000,000,000 not absurd. The idea is that the loan would be raised mainly in London and New York with some contributions from the neutral countries of Europe, and that the receipts would mainly accrue to France and Belgium. To the general public these figures convey no particular impression. To fix our ideas of magnitude let me quote some approximate totals of the volume of existing foreign investment.

The whole of the outstanding loans made by the British investor to the government of India, built up over a long period of years and largely taken in the form of British exports of railway material and the like, stand at less than £200,000,000. The loans, made by the British investor and now quoted by the London Stock Exchange to the whole of the rest of the British Empire, Dominion and Colonial and Provincial governments together, the accumulation of long years of investment in quarters specially favored and specially trusted, stand at round about £500,000,000. The whole of the Corporation and County Stocks of the United Kingdom, quoted on the London Stock Exchange, are worth about £200,000,000. Thus the aggregate of the loans outstanding from the British investor to the governments of the whole British Empire and to the Counties and Corporations of the United Kingdom does not reach £1,000,000,000.

Most of the above loans are Trustee securities by law—a privilege not likely to be granted to a German loan. Let us consider, therefore, a class of investment made without this privilege. The present value of all the loans made by the British investor to foreign governments throughout the world is approximately £400,000;000.

One more example will illustrate to the reader what an amount of capital £1,000,000,000 represents. This figure is the total face value of all the stocks—debenture, preference, and ordinary—of the entire railway system of the United Kingdom (the present market value being about 10 percent less).

The statistics of the present volume of savings in the United Kingdom are not very reliable; but no one would place the total available each year for new foreign investment of all kinds above £150,000,000. Last year it barely reached £100,000,000. The total amount of foreign government loans floated on the London market in the two years 1921-22 came to about £20,000,000 altogether, and these borrowers had to pay on the average nearly 8 percent.

Robbing Peter

Have I quoted enough figures to bring back proportion to the discussion? If Great Britain were to subscribe half of the suggested £1,000,000,000 loan to Germany, it would mean that the whole of the British Empire and all other foreign borrowers could have nothing at all for four or five years. That is the borrowers' side. As for the lender, it means that the British investor would have to go on year after year lending all he had to Germany. We are obviously in the region of the wildest fantasy.

I conclude that, if Germany could borrow on her own credit in the London market £25,000,000

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at 10 percent, it would be a remarkable achievement.

What about New York? Recently it has been far more difficult and expensive to float foreign loans in New York than in London. At the present time existing French government dollar loans stand in New York on about an 8 percent basis; and Czecho-Slovak government dollar loans on a 9 percent basis. It is not likely that either of these governments could get much new money in New York even at 10 percent. Yet their credit stands, presumably, higher than Germany's would. The volume of foreign loans made by New York has sunk during the past year to a very low figure, and we have to go back to 1921 and the first half of 1922, when there was a short-lived boom in such securities, to find substantial amounts. But even in 1921 the loans to Europe did not really come to much. France secured on balance $70,000,000 of new money, Denmark $40,000,000, Belgium $25,000,000. But then Great Britain paid off $150,000,000; so that even in 1921 the American investor lent nothing on balance to European governments. The only investments which attracted him on a large scale were pure speculations, such as mark banknotes where he hoped for 100 percent profit and has suffered 100 percent loss. The United States lends Canada a good deal, and a certain amount to Mexico and South America. But probably she has less surplus available for Europe than Great Britain has, and her investors are showing an even greater distaste for this type of investment.

In short, the £1,000,000,000 loan is as nonsensical as General Election Reparation forecasts and as the alleged total of Germany's present balances abroad (also estimated by some at the good round figure of £500,000,000 to £1,000,000,000). Why does such elephantiasis afflict this pitiful subject, that popular estimates are not just two or three times wrong, but generally ten times the truth? Has the peace of Europe ever been threatened before by arithmetical frenzy? It is, truly, an extraordinary state of affairs.

British Guarantee Should Be Ruled Out

I have been speaking so far of proposals to borrow *new* money on Germany's *own* credit. If the loan were to be guaranteed by other powers, including Great Britain, some of the above arguments would not apply. The limit to the sums available for investment abroad would remain the same; but the degree of the investors' willingness to take a hand would, of course, be quite different. I hope, however, that any suggestion of a British guarantee may be ruled out. England must be prepared to make sacrifices in the interests of a settlement. But the idea that if Germany fails to pay the indemnity she should pay it in her place is intolerable.

There still remains, however, a type of loan to which none of my criticisms apply, namely, where no new money is required, but one form of bond is merely substituted for another. The possibility of a transaction of this kind is only limited by the willingness of the holder of an existing bond to accept another in its place. If, for example, the German government were to issue its bonds to the French government, which in its turn passed them on to the French investor, with or without its own guarantee, in exchange for French government bonds previously held, no technical or financial difficulty arises. The Temps has recently aired a proposal by which Germany would undertake to meet the service of the French loans which have been issued to provide for the expenditure on the devastated areas. This is sensible and practicable. There might be political advantages on both sides in getting German bonds well spread amongst the investors of France. But, financially speaking, it is a mere paper transaction; there is no essential difference between the payment by Germany of an annual sum to France for France to use in paying interest to her bondholders, and the payment by Germany to the bondholders direct. It would also be quite simple to substitute German bonds for the existing bonds of Interallied Debt. I do not include transactions of this kind under the designation of International Loan.

No Need of a Lump Sum

The type of International Loan which would be raised in London, New York, and the neutral capitals of Europe and credited mainly to France and Belgium is not only impossible but useless. France and Belgium have no need or employment for a huge lump sum of money. If it were to be credited to them in London and New York, they could do nothing with it except pay off what they owe to the British and American governments (which is not at all what they intend) or lend it out again, thus converting it back from a lump sum into an annual flow. Before the restoration of the war areas had commenced it might have been plausible to argue that a large lump sum of foreign money was required for this purpose. But, in fact, the restoration has proceeded very fast by means of loans raised at home. The financial difficulty of the French and Belgian governments is not in raising the money to pay for restoration, but in meeting the future interest on the loans which they have raised. The financial problem of France—so long, at any rate, as she does not pay what she owes to the governments of England and America—is one of internal, not of external, finance. The insufficiency of the annual revenue of the state to meet the service of her debt involves a constant threat of inflation, and thereby a depreciation of the franc. The remedy for this is not a lump sum of £1,000,000,000 in London and New York, but annual receipts which can be employed to pay her bondholders without resort to inflation. The advocates of an International Loan misconceive the character of

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French needs as well as the possibilities of the international investment market.

There is only one qualification to this—namely in the event of the receipts from an International Loan being employed to make annual payments to France and Belgium during a preliminary period whilst Germany was enjoying a moratorium. Such anticipatory payments would be useful to France and Belgium. But a proposal to raise the loan, whilst Germany is still in her present condition and prior to her recovering her credit and giving some tangible proofs of her willingness and capacity to pay, would be faced by even greater difficulties of persuading the foolish investor to risk his money than those already indicated. There can be few investors who would lend a penny to Germany on her own credit, whilst she is in her present plight, and before she can point to definite signs of recovery. The various political risks are far greater than can be compensated by any practicable rate of interest. A very small, half-charitable loan, on the lines projected for Austria, designed to help Germany herself on to her legs again, is surely the utmost to be expected in the near future.

Let us, therefore, dismiss from the discussion the Grand International Loan, and concentrate on the essential question how soon and how much Germany can pay year by year.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

[This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Keynes on current European problems. The third will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.]

The Sanctuary of Civilization

FATHER PETRON was almost twenty-three. From the little city of Tréguier on the coast of Brittany some fire of enterprise, matured through long hours of sociological and literary reading, had at last driven him to America. America!—What thoughts, what emotions that word had signified to him, as enclosed behind the high monastery walls in the steep and silent city topped by its famous Gothic cathedral, his thoughts had plied back and forth over the abyss of his loneliness. But if his loneliness was deeper than was altogether comfortable, the resulting sharpness of his perceptions made him all the more alert to every passing quiver of experience. And as he looked far out to the blue waters surging in riotous madcaps toward the rock-bound coast of the famous seaport town which had been the birthplace of the great Renan, he had brooded endlessly over the strange and furious activities of men. Until one day, quite suddenly, he had requested from the lenient Father Superior a month's leave of absence in which to study the institutions of the greatest city of the New World. This sympathetic and urbane priest had even aided him to the extent of writing to the head of their order in New York asking him to act as guide for the sensitive and impetuous young man.

Now that he was driving along so smoothly in a taxicab with his Irish confrère, who, comfortably corpulent, and abounding in placatory gestures displayed none of his own slim austerity and fire, he prepared for those exciting disclosures of modern accomplishment of which he had dreamed.

The car drew up before an imposing white stone building where they alighted. Emerging from the elevator on the thirteenth floor they found themselves in a great oak-panelled anteroom with Persian rugs flung carelessly over a parquet floor, in the centre of which was a large carved Jacobean table presided over by a fashionable young woman with extraordinarily flushed cheeks and delicately plucked eyebrows. While she went in pursuit of a cicerone, Father Petron regarded interestedly an oil painting executed with dexterous technique, which hung opposite the deep plush divan where they were seated. He regretted that the English which served him so well in his reading was useless in conversation and therefore he could not discuss the picture with Father O'Flaherty. In the foreground was a tall, gorgeously dressed young woman with softly rounded figure, eyes sweet, large and insensate, Bougereau-like skin of peaches and cream, and lips curled with the haughty disdain of a mock princess. Behind her towered a young man in immaculate evening dress being aided into his fur-lined overcoat by an obsequious butler. He appeared something between an illustrious pugilist and the languorous author of a superlatively best seller. All the bell-boys and boot-blacks of the world would have regarded him with that dumb aspiring envy that the humble feel for the great. To Father Petron both the young people seemed in some way strangely repellent.

At last the door opened and they were led through a centre door onto a huge floor the length and breadth of the building which seemed a veritable palace of resplendent light. Everywhere splashes of sunshine poured through great plate glass windows over intent figures of men and women, girls and boys, occupied at endless desks over apparently absorbing researches. At the far end of the room Father Petron saw through an open door a tiled laboratory with testing tubes, scales, an elaborate gas stove and mysterious cabinets, and it flashed upon him with a sudden certainty that this at last must be one of those

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great institutions dedicated to the advancement of science of which he had read with such excited interest. No end was there to the endless resources of the stupendous establishment.

Soon they mounted a flight of stairs and entered another floor of analogous dimensions where the press of work was going on at an almost feverish pitch. Sometimes a young face, pale and resistant, looked up at him, but for the most part there was an atmosphere of almost religious ardor in the postures of the workers, tranced as they seemed in their occupations. Their guide talked volubly with Father O'Flaherty, pointing out this and that as they traversed a thickly carpeted aisle which ran through the centre of the room. Great art studios there were, where among luxurious divans, carved tables, and huge tracing boards, leisurely looking young men in smart clothes moved back and forth over heavy plush carpets. Then a sudden turn brought them to another wing of the building where behind glass doors in a species of private office eight young women could be seen leaning over enormous desks where elaborate upright calendars, soft leather note-books, and brass nicknacks for clips or erasers were interspersed with piles of imposing looking documents. Alert young women in neat, admirably fitting dresses, modish, yet toned to the general atmosphere of grave and dignified dedication, young women in whose eyes a look of intellectual concentration was fanned here and there to zealotry. Father Petron felt one of those rare exaltations which sometimes come to the young before their ideals have been challenged by reality. Life, after all, could be full of an austere beauty. With what impersonal ardor these modern saints of civilization gave themselves to their tasks. Was it perhaps a study of infant mortality they were working on at the moment, or a means of preventing poverty, or some problem in virulent disease, or some stupendous housing scheme that would bring relief to millions?

Following his two companions he passed once more up a flight of stairs. Whole rooms could be seen given over to nothing but row upon row of steel letter files. One department enclosed by wooden railings was devoted to statistical research. Monumental piles of printed questionnaires were being sorted out and the results tabulated on great data sheets, and there were countless graphs and charts attached to the walls. Sharp-eyed young men and women were running long tapes through strange looking machines. He was introduced to a pedantic looking young woman with spectacles who addressed him in precise and scholarly French. She explained that a large corps of investigators were kept constantly in the field gathering data. Just then a study was being made in the South relating to rubber. Father Petron remembered an article or pamphlet he had read telling of the exploitation of Negroes in rubber plantations in the Congo where hands of Negroes were passed about in baskets as a means of intimidating negligent workers. He supposed some similar investigation was in progress here to aid the black people. The young women pointing through an open door to a distinguished looking man with an impressive heaviness of brow, explained that he was a psychologist of international repute.

In the adjoining office was a celebrated research economist. Passing a great assembly room with a platform and black-boards, and several small conference rooms where mahogany tables and chairs, and expensive electric table lamps, rare bits of tapestry and great vases of bitter sweet could be seen, they came finally to a spacious, perfectly appurtenanced library with deep leather chairs and the same heavy oak panelling. One entire side of the room had been dedicated to book-cases containing exquisitely bound tomes of uniform size, and Father Petron, sinking at last into a great fauteuil, received into his hand from the young woman, who displayed a restrained, yet eager pride, one of the ponderous and important volumes which was to deliver up to him the name and manifold activities of this proud American institution.

With nervous, ardent fingers he opened it and turned over the first leaf. There staring him in the face was the young woman who with such shallow haughtiness had regarded him from her gilded frame in the anteroom, and behind her the same bull headed, weary young man. But what surprised Father Petron most were the extraordinary words blazoned in bold upstanding letters that jumped at one like a blow in the face, "THE ROUGE HE WILL NEVER DETECT." He was somewhat reassured on turning the page to see a scientific looking, bespectacled young man manipulating test tubes. Yet the strange words that introduced him to the reader's attention were "A NEW SKIN IN LESS THAN AN HOUR—SCIENCE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE." Page after page of such astounding messages filtered through to the young man's comprehension until gradually he began to construct a picture of America as peopled entirely with sweet, fashionable young girls who, on the basis that "ANY GIRL CAN WIN THE MAN SHE WANTS," spent all their days and most of their nights before luxurious dressing tables where attentive maids, looking somewhat like themselves, handed them endless packages of soaps, creams, rouges, hair colorations and cuticle removers, any one of which would deliver to them the secret of imperishable beauty and eternal youth—while dogged, flaccid young men sued for their love by stalwartly wearing certain magic collars, shoes, rubber heels, or patent suspenders, so that their health need never be impaired and they could earn large enough incomes to support and keep in everlasting idleness these haughty, beautiful maidens. After marriage, he gathered that the women be-

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came very docile and spent all their time in a lovely little suburban home where a certain kind of linoleum carpet made them envied by their neighbors, and where "Father" passed his evenings in a great arm chair over which "Mother" mischievously leaned to kiss him, having discovered "THE PERFECT WAY TO PUT BABY TO SLEEP," and about to start her evening's occupation of "LOSING ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO MUSIC."

Father Petron understood at last the deep-laid implications of these myriad bits of paper, planned and perpetrated in this very spot, these curious messages which penetrated into all the high-ways and by-ways of this wonderful country. Here, indeed, was the apex of that great civilization which was so rapidly spreading over the entire face of the globe. He thought of his own quiet room in the tower of the ancient monastery, of the Breton girls with their pale faces, and down-cast eyes, and sturdy supple bodies clothed in plain black dresses, and he decided, on the wave of his cold and bitter disillusionment to escape forever from this bastard city of stone, and return on the following day to the ancient cathedral town, there to devote himself forever to the poetic ritual of his venerable and historic religion. ALYSE GREGORY.

How Does the League Stand?

ALL friends of the League will be glad that the preposterous Provisional Decree of the Saar Commission has been dragged into the light, and the weakness of the Council in allowing such a decree to continue in operation condemned by all shades of opinion. To punish with five years' imprisonment any one who "casts discredit" on the Treaty of Versailles is obviously to invite ridicule; to combine the League with the Treaty in one sacrosanct absurdity is to do the League a bad service. But the real vice of the situation does not rest there. It goes deeper. The League was entrusted, as an impartial body, with the government of the Saar Valley, by means of a Commission which was intended to be absolutely impartial also, and on paper seems to be so. But the French government, having succeeded from the outset in packing the Saar Commission with French puppets, has lately proceeded to use it as a sort of auxiliary force for supporting the disguised war in the Ruhr; and the Council of the League has thus allowed itself to be drawn into the position of a mere tool of French policy. This is, quite simply, disastrous.

Two questions suggest themselves. How did such a thing happen? And how, after this exhibition, can the League expect to be entrusted with the settlement of the Reparations problem or with any major question of international policy?

It happened easily enough. The Council consisted of representatives of ten nations: France, Italy, Japan, Great Britain, Belgium, Spain, China, Brazil, Uruguay and Sweden. Furthermore, with the exception of Mr. Branting from Sweden and M. Hanotaux from France, there were no statesmen of the first rank present. The other nations were chiefly represented by their Ambassadors, and mostly by their Ambassadors in Paris. Britain was represented by Mr. Edward Wood, a Cabinet Minister of good will and ability, but quite new to his job. It was his first attendance at any League function.

Now what nation among those present could be expected to stand up to France? And what delegate could personally outface M. Hanotaux? The other nations looked to Great Britain; and if Great Britain was not ready to incur the odium of a stand-up contest with France, who could expect Spain or China or Uruguay to take her place? Mr. Branting protested; Mr. Wood protested. But Sweden is not a great power, and Mr. Wood was no match for the unscrupulous old gladiator who was Foreign Minister of France when Mr. Wood was at his preparatory school. And no doubt Mr. Wood's hands were tied by the extreme and justifiable anxiety of the government which sent him, not to multiply its differences with France.

The moral is plain. France and Great Britain are, let us say, about equal in strength. But, in matters of this sort, France cares intensely, and England does not care, or does not appear to care, much. If it cared much, it would send as a matter of course its Prime Minister or Foreign Minister, or at least some experienced statesman, who could meet M. Hanotaux or M. Viviani as an equal. Until the English government does that, of course the smaller states will send their Ambassadors or Ministers or Consuls, and will give them orders not to open their mouths when there is danger about.

If this is true, it may be answered, does it not absolutely condemn the League as an instrument for the impartial decision of major controversies? How can such a body as the last Council possibly be trusted to do justice between France and Germany about the Ruhr?

To this the answer is twofold. In the first place, as soon as the Council is allowed to take in hand one of the great questions, inevitably the great statesmen will go to it. The personnel of the Council naturally depends on the work that the Council has to do. If it does great things it will be attended by the leading men. If the Lloyd George policy of keeping the important matters

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for private diplomacy and giving the unimportant ones to the League is continued, of course the various Premiers and Foreign Ministers will not find it worth while to attend. The solution of one tangle solves the other.

But, further, no one proposes to hand over the Ruhr or the Reparations question simply to the Council of the League. The League of Nations Union, which has for two years steadily advocated an international solution of the fourfold problem of Reparations, Inter-Allied Debts, Security and Disarmament, has always urged the reference of these questions to "the League of Nations, with the assistance, if possible, of Germany and the United States." Germany must, obviously, be there: she must be there not as a prisoner at the bar, but as an equal member of the Conference. And the difficulties would be greatly lightened if the American government chose, without, of course, in any way joining or committing itself to the League, to cooperate with its old allies and the leading neutrals in treating this particular problem. In any case, if the question were referred to the Council, the Council would presumably begin by asking Germany to join with it in discussing the scope of the inquiry and constituting the various committees of experts, including individual Americans, who would have to decide particular questions. The Council with Germany present, and with Great Britain and the other members fully conscious that a problem of first-rate moment was to be solved, would be a very different body from the Council which displayed such weakness over the Saar decree.

It may be asked why the League of Nations Union has definitely mentioned the Council as the deciding body: would not the Assembly be better? No doubt the Assembly would be safer from undue influence; and if the Council fails to get the matter in hand, with the consent of France, before September, the Assembly will almost certainly raise the whole question, with or without that consent. The fifty-two nations, meeting once only in the year, cannot possibly allow Europe to be dragged into a peculiarly degrading war without a single word of protest. But it is not safe to wait until September. The Council, if it is asked, can act now. I may add that, as far as my information goes, no great difficulty is anticipated in bringing to light the necessary economic facts, and even proceeding to fairly definite figures. The questions at issue can be solved. The machinery is there. It is only the will to have them solved that is wanting.

GILBERT MURRAY.

The Klan on Trial

IN a trial in Minneapolis in which the Ku Klux Klan was designedy made an issue by the state, a jury of Protestants, including a Methodist minister and several Masons and Shriners, returned a verdict of guilty against five defendants charged with criminal libel. One of the defendants was R. H. Miner, the Exalted Cyclops of the Minneapolis Klan. The charge grew out of the surreptitious distribution of an anonymous Klan paper, which contained an affidavit of a prostitute attacking Mayor George E. Leach. Obviously, the attack was inspired by political motives—to further the choice of the Klan candidate for mayor. Yes, the Klan has gone in for political control even in temperate Minnesota.

One of the striking facts produced during the trial was that most of the Klansmen in Minneapolis are Masons. The Klan leaders in the state are mainly prominent Shriners. During its early organization period in Minnesota, I am informed, only members of Masonic bodies were permitted to join. An anomalous situation was created by the fact that Mayor Leach and the prosecuting attorney, Floyd B. Olson, are Shriners. Klansmen refer to the mayor as "an unprincipled Mason," he having committed the unpardonable "sin" of appointing a Catholic as his private secretary and attending, as head of the city, a banquet given by the Knights of Columbus in honor of Admiral Benson. He therefore is "owned body and soul by the Catholic hierarchy" and is "an honorary member of the Knights of Columbus."

Mr. Olson, in his final address to the jury, dwelt at length on the Klan and Klan principles. He pointed out that the teachings of this secret order are the very antithesis of Masonic teachings. He stated that the Masonic bodies are going to their doom if men, as Masons, go about preaching religious hatred. The defence introduced as evidence during the trial the oath of the Ku Klux Klan, and their attorney took up the various sections of the oath and defended them.

It is significant that a jury, at the outset of the trial apparently hostile to the state's case, should have returned a verdict of guilty. The court permitted the defence the greatest latitude in the introduction of testimony, admitting such purely hearsay evidence as "underworld rumors." The decision speaks well for the inherent sense of fair play in the American people, when an issue is presented to them clearly and intelligently.

Although a conviction resulted, the trial revealed the great difficulty encountered by the state in prosecuting law violations by the Ku Klux Klan, especially in communities where the Klan has any semblance of strength. Klan leaders from vari-

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ous parts of the country assembled in Minneapolis for the trial were quite boastful in their assertions that no convictions had ever been returned in a case where the Klan was an issue. One said to me: "You say that we violate the law, but I challenge you to point to a single conviction against us. This should convince people that we are not so bad."

The greatest handicap in successfully prosecuting the Klan is that it is almost impossible for the state to get an impartial jury. Persons opposed to the Klan readily admit their prejudice when questioned as to their qualifications as jurors. This gives ground for challenge for actual bias by the defence. But not so persons who are either Klansmen or Klan sympathizers. A Klansman invariably denies that he is a Klansman. Klan sympathizers, as well as Klansmen, exhibit a woeful ignorance of even the existence of the order. "I read something about it in newspaper headlines, but I never concerned myself much about it," is their usual answer. The state has no definite means of knowing whether the prospective juror is a Klansman or Klan sympathizer, and if it did guess right it could only exercise a peremptory challenge, of which it has a most limited number. And Klansmen don't convict themselves any more than profiteers legislate against themselves.

I tried, as a newspaperman covering the trial, to get a concrete idea of what the Klan was all about. I interviewed a score of Klansmen, casually and at length, including a sub-editor of the Fiery Cross, the Klan official paper for the North, published in Indianapolis. "We simply are a fraternal order of white, Protestant Americans," is the answer one generally gets. They rave against the Catholics, but their leaders deny vehemently that they are anti-Catholic; they curse the Jews, but at the same time give assurances that they are their friends; and they tell you that the "buck nigger" should be strung up to the nearest telegraph pole, but disavow any hostility to the Negro.

"We are not against the Jews," the sub-editor of the Fiery Cross said to me, and as proof of this he opened his coat and displayed the label of a Jewish firm. "Only about ten percent of the Klansmen engage in the boycott. You see, there is no section of the country but that there is some strong prejudice against either the Jew, the Catholic or the Negro. This gives us a big field for membership. We intend to get the prejudice out of the fellows in time."

Here we have it—"a big field for membership." This probably represents the point of view of many of the Klan leaders. The rank and file are the wild-eyed religious and racial bigots. They are the ones who believe the tale of the rifle and ammunition stored away in some mysterious place every time a Catholic male child is born. The organizers may tell about the Negroes organizing and taking a sinister vow to rape white girls and to marry none but white women, and about "the legions of the Nero on the Tiber, financed by the Jews of Wall Street" to undertake a conquest of the United States of America. But no such obsessions lodge in their brains. They are "Klansmen for profit." Incidentally, the Exalted Cyclops of the Minneapolis Klan is in the business of selling lodge regalia—and gowns and hoods—the evidence in the trial disclosed.

The field for membership recently has been widened, the trial also revealed. Heretofore, only simon pure, one hundred percent, native born, white Protestants could join. Now, any white naturalized citizen of Protestant persuasion is eligible, providing, of course, he is of the one hundred percent type. The sign over the Klan door still reads: "No Radical Is Wanted Here." "We kick the radicals out as fast as we find them," an organizer said to me, boastfully.

This opens up a speculation into the future of the Ku Klux Klan. The anti-religious phase of this order should not give the people too great concern. The fact that their leaders privately—and even publicly—deny their anti-religious tendency shows its instability. The Klan will precipitate no religious war in America. Of greater concern is whether this "law and order" organization is to become the whip for Big Business in this country and serve the purpose that Wall Street hoped would be served by the American Legion.

The Klan labor program is in agreement with that of Samuel Gompers, a Klan attorney from Oregon, who attended the trial in an advisory capacity, told me. "We stand for the Gompers type of unionism," he said. "We propose to kick the foreign labor leaders out of the American labor movement. They are the agitators. We will see to it that all negotiations between capital and labor will be conducted between Americans only."

I asked my editorial friend of the Fiery Cross what the Klan proposes to do in case of labor troubles, and he replied as follows: "A Klansman is under oath to assist the peace officers in the preservation of law and order. In case of violence, Klansmen in communities where the Klan is strong will be called out to augment the forces of the law. He will perform the same duties that an army would if called out to preserve the peace. Strike breakers have a legal right to protection, and we will furnish that protection if need be. We will clean out the agitators."

During the trial, one heard much of "civic decency" from the Klansmen. They are the self-appointed moral guardians of the city. But there was every evidence to indicate that the Klan, in its attack on Mayor Leach, was in league with powerful financial influences. Mayor Leach, against their wishes and, it is reported, even against their threats, took a stand for municipal ownership and control of power of a high dam on the Mississippi river. This was anathema to these powerful

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men of affairs. It was no secret that the Citizens' Alliance, the anti-labor union of employers in Minneapolis, was "out to get Mayor Leach."

It probably was no mere coincidence that the Klan attack on Mayor Leach followed on the heels of an unsuccessful attempt to discredit his administration through an attack on the chief of police, who was indicted but subsequently acquitted of a charge of "official neglect of duty." The moving force in that attack was the Committee of Thirteen, an outgrowth of Palmer's wartime American Protective League. There is a close connection between the Citizens' Alliance and the Committee of Thirteen, some of the moving spirits in the Citizens' Alliance being heavy contributors to the Committee of Thirteen. Although the state did not make an issue of this fact, the prosecutor remarked during the trial: "We know that some of the powerful financial interests in the city, who have turned on Mayor Leach because of his stand on the high dam, are not disinterested in this trial."

In many sections of the country, particularly in sections where the Klan controls the peace officers (and this is one of their first offensives) Klansmen inform me that anti-horse-thief and anti-chicken-thief organizations are being formed. This gives the members the status of deputy sheriffs or deputy constables, and gives to them the legal right to carry firearms. There may be no horses or chickens in these particular sections for thieves to steal, but that makes no difference. The purpose admittedly is to give Klansmen the license to carry guns.

The "boys" now—the times are "dull"—are amusing themselves by searching the homes of foreigners for moonshine stills. Sometimes they get search warrants from the justice of peace or other proper authorities, I am told, but sometimes they do not bother about such trifles. The law means little to these moral crusaders when they are in the interest of "civic decency." These escapades, at the expense of the poor foreigner, serve the purpose of keeping the Klanmen's spirits up. It is good psychology; they need it or their interest in the Ku Klux Klan will wane. And a strong, well organized group of "law and order" fellows, armed by the grace of the law, may prove extremely valuable for other purposes than locating stills in the homes of terrified foreigners.

A. I. HARRIS.

Ourselves in Egypt

HOW many Americans realize that one of the reasons given by the English for being in Egypt today is that the American Missionary Society urged them to go in and stay? Not many of us, perhaps. But it is a fact. Lord Milner has described, not without a touch of pride, how the English, having rushed troops into Egypt in 1882 and suppressed Arabi's rebellion against the Egyptian Khedive and the Turks, stood there in an embarrassed sort of way, debating whether to remain nor not. (Needless to say, this was in the days of Mr. Gladstone when the imperial impulse was, for the instant, flagging.) At that moment of indecision up bobbed the American Missionary Society from its headquarters in the Near East, and in that hearty, headlong way we Americans have, formally petitioned the British to establish a protectorate over Egypt. That petition, Lord Milner says, naturally carried weight with the authorities. It was not decisive, but it helped them to see their duty and to do it. They didn't go quite so far as to establish a Protectorate as the Society suggested but—they stayed. That was in 1882, and they are still there.

Now this little episode illustrates the curiously conservative rôle which American influence has played in Egypt, from the beginning right down to Secretary Hughes's most recent move. From the beginning we have sided with the English occupation. True, there is a little coolness today in Cairo and Alexandria between the American colony and the British hierarchy, but that is a purely temporary thing. The fact remains—we have never been mischievous like the French; we have never bedevilled the hardworking English officials in Egypt; and above all, we have never exported to the Egyptian masses or even to the discontented pashas those admirable principles of self-determination which we have chucked so freely at the Irish for the past hundred years.

Take, for example, the Arabi rebellion of 1882. That was a very gallant, a very interesting, revolt. It had elements in it which, properly exploited, might readily have appealed to Americans. Indeed that they did appeal to Americans we know from the famous incident of the "young lady from Philadelphia"—a tourist—who, in the midst of the ten-days' "reign of terror" made her way alone to Arabi's headquarters and triumphantly secured his autograph! In Arabi this revolt had for leader a patriotic Egyptian army officer who had risen from the ranks and who stood to lose—and did lose—everything by it. It was humanely and even punctiliously conducted, it was proudly nationalist and deeply religious. At least two outsiders—not counting "the young lady from Philadelphia"—saw this clearly and linked their names for all time with Arabi. One was the Englishman, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. The other was John Ninet, an ardent old Swiss lover of liberty. But the most

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conspicuous American in Egypt turned in and helped crush the revolt. That American was General Charles Pomeroy Stone, a West Pointer, born in Massachusetts, who had fought through the Civil War. Stone fought in Egypt for the old régime. After the rebellion was utterly crushed and Arabi exiled by the British to Ceylon, General Stone returned to "God's own country" where the New York World got him the job of laying the foundations for the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor! No, we Americans are not conspicuous in the Egyptian Hall of Fame.

Kitchener's Pious Enterprise

Again, some years later, in 1889, General Kitchener was pushing southward along the Nile in the stubborn reconquest of the Soudan—that vast territory, half desert, half jungle, stretching south of Egypt toward the equator. His task was, in part, a pious enterprise. From the standpoint of (a) Queen Victoria, (b) the London music halls and (c) the London illustrated papers, this march against desert tribes for the reconquest of the Soudan was a dogged British attempt to wipe out the stain left by the alleged "deserting" of General "Chinese" Gordon when, an English relief expedition having failed to reach him, he and his force were massacred by the Mahdi at Khartoum in 1885. A pious enterprise, and yet in the very middle of it the British iron and steel manufacturers fell down completely on their job of protecting Kitchener's rear with railroad lines and permanent bridges. They did it after a fashion, but it was too slow a fashion. Who, then, came to the rescue of this pious expedition? Ah, you have guessed it. It was an American firm which in forty-two days—the torpid British wanted six and a half months—slapped a railroad bridge across the Atbara river and sped Kitchener on his way. Of course it was "business" but, characteristically, we mixed some "idealism" with it too, for we charged Kitchener far less money for the girders laid down f. o. b. Cairo than the British tender f. o. b. the Clyde! Somehow the idea of "cleaning up" the Soudan seemed to appeal to us; even back there we were beginning to think of imperialism as a fine sanitary enterprise, an affair of Christian mops and brooms.

In short, when Mr. Roosevelt some years ago told the Egyptians to be good British subjects and study hard and eventually they would be fit to govern their own country, he was saying only what other Americans—part of our far-flung line of helpful, constructive busybodies—have been saying in Egypt for forty years. No doubt we are more affable and "democratic"in our contacts with the Egyptians than are the English, but it is obvious that we enjoy the same inner arrogance, the same conviction that the only misgovernment which is endurable is Anglo-Saxon misgovernment, and this attitude of ours toward the Egyptians of course bears its own characteristic fruit in Washington.

There are as a matter of fact three distinct Occupations of Egypt, of which ours—so to speak—is one. First, of course, there is the British Occupation of Egypt. That is the one against which the Egyptians are actively rebelling. It is the only one of the three which has done the Egyptians any good whatever, and it is the one they most bitterly resent. Today it is marked by two things: (1) an elaborate pretense, on the part of the British, that the Egyptians are a free people with a free King on the throne, when actually they have a British puppet for a King* and are deprived by the English of free speech, free press and the national leadership of their choice, and (2) strong resistance to this Occupation on the part of the Egyptians, taking the form of widespread boycott, passive resistance and not a little violence.

Looting Egypt

Secondly, there is the Occupation of the country—or, more precisely, of its revenues—by the Rothschilds and other holders of the Egyptian bonds which constitute the Public Debt. The Public Debt is now around 93,000,000 Egyptian pounds, and the interest on it is a first lien on the resources of Egypt. Lord Allenby, in the report quoted in the footnote below, remarks:

> During the last half-century Egypt's indebtedness has constituted the *dominant* feature in her political existence. This year £ E 4,611,000 represents the payment she has to make to her creditors. If this figure be compared with . . . her expenditure on education, £ E 1,093,000 or public health, £ E 733,000, the serious character of the obstacle placed in Egypt's national welfare and progress today by ill-considered and unremunerative borrowing on the part of her rulers in the past will be appreciated.

Lord Allenby calls it "borrowing" but of course much of it was originally loot wrung from the Egyptian treasury by as conscienceless a crowd of concessionaires and sharps as ever existed anywhere. Lord Milner once estimated that 10 percent of the Debt, at the very outside, represented all that could be described as remunerative or reproductive; in other words, 90 percent of the debt represented sheer waste and theft, fake claims of every description. A European was once calling upon the Khedive Ismail. "Please close that win-

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* "By agreement between His Majesty's government [the British government] and the Egyptian government, and in accordance with the wishes of the late Sultan, Prince Ahmed Fuad thereupon ascended the throne as Sultan Fuad."—Report of Lord Allenby on Administration of Egypt, 1920. (Egypt, No. 2, 1921.) page 5.

† The Egyptian pound is a few pence more than the English pound sterling. It is indicated by the symbol £ E.

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dow," said the Khedive to one of the attendants, "for if this gentleman catches cold it will cost me £10,000!" If European countries can contemplate repudiating their debts, Egypt, with even better point, both economically and ethically, certainly can consider the repudiation of hers. However, she won't for the Commissioners of the Debt have thoroughly respectabilized it as an institution and have even sold a third of it to wealthy Egyptians. The latter would scarcely permit repudiation—at least not without a social revolution for which Egypt seems still unprepared. No, the fellah, whatever loads he may lose off his bent back, will carry *that* load for many, many years.

Now the third Occupation of Egypt—as if two didn't flatten its sovereignty to pieces!—is the one in which we cheerfully participate; it is the International Occupation. Curious, that with all our zeal for self-determination, we seem to have felt officially no qualms about invading with others what was left of the sovereignty of Egypt, we have not scorned to participate in the impertinent and indefensible special privilege in Egypt known as the Capitulations.

The Kindly Sultan

It may be asked, what exactly are the Capitulations? Many an international lawyer has made a good living defining and applying that vague word in various courts and chancelleries, so caution must be used. The safest way is to describe it historically. Back in the Middle Ages when the Sultan of Turkey had an Empire that really *was* an Empire, trembling Christian traders used to appear before him, their hearts in their mouths, and ask him please to give them special writs which would protect them, as friendless aliens, from Turkish officialdom. The Sultan was under no compulsion to do it. He was strong enough to snap his fingers at the Christian powers, but out of a sort of contemptuous generosity, a sporting willingness to protect the infidel dogs, he issued first to one country and then to another special writs called Capitulations which protected Christians who were traveling or residing in Turkey from Turkish law. Specifically the Capitulations exempted the Christian anywhere in the Turkish Empire from Turkish taxes, from summary arrest and from any invasion of his domicile by Turkish authorities.

This seems very little to fuss about, and as long as the Christians were few in number and modestly Christian in spirit, it *was* very little. But in modern times and especially in Egypt with the European occupation it has proved the bulwark of every sort of ramp and thievery and abuse. Today the following enlightened nations, having received from the Sultan of Turkey in the hoary past Writs of Capitulations, insist upon special rights for their nationals under Egyptian law and administration: Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden and the *United States*. The nationals of these countries living in Egypt enjoy—except for the land and house tax if they own lands and houses—complete exemption from Egyptian taxation: Egyptian authorities may not enter their domiciles unless accompanied by their own local consul; they cannot be tried by the Egyptian magistrate or courts for any offence whatever; they can be tried only by their own consul and then only for acts constituting an offence under their own laws. No municipal legislation—indeed no social legislation of any sort—can be put in force in Egypt without the written consent of all the Capitulatory powers!

I have remarked that the definition of the Capitulations is so vague that no international lawyer would risk a definition today without a handsome fee. It has been expanded to cover almost every conceivable aspect of Egyptian life. Lord Allenby, discussing the necessity of encouraging the formation of agricultural cooperative societies among the poverty-stricken fellahin, remarks that the recent law on that subject has fallen afoul of the Capitulations and has proved a dead letter.* But other examples may be even more vivid. Suppose the authorities in Alexandria decide that the local houses of ill-fame are getting really too flagrant, that they simply must keep their blinds down or that they must not have runners at the docks to grab the sailors. Very well. That municipal regulation cannot be put into effect without the consent of all the Capitulatory powers, express or implied. Otherwise it applies only to those houses or resorts run by Egyptians and not to those run by Levantines or Greeks. Suppose a Greek stabs an Egyptian in the streets. The Greek doesn't run away, he just runs home. Once inside his dwelling-place he is in sanctuary. The police cannot arrest him. They have to go first to the Greek consul and rout him out of bed or interrupt him in his office, file a complaint with him and get him to go with them and arrest the murderer. Then it is the Greek consul who tries the case according to Greek law, and if the defendant appeals his case to Athens, to Athens it must go. When it reaches Athens it reaches a court naturally unfamiliar with the facts and rather disposed to side with the Greek than otherwise. He gets off.

A Paradise for Ruffians

The system of Capitulations, as Lord Cromer and Lord Milner have made abundantly clear, has converted Egypt into the happy hunting ground of rogues, cutthroats, ruffians of every sort. True, microscopic reforms have been made; true, the Europeans themselves have occasionally been worried at the anarchy they have sponsored and by common consent have removed the worst features

* Annual Report (Egypt No. 2, 1921), page 23.

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of the system. But they cling like leeches to the system in general; they refuse to pay taxes, corporation or income or professional taxes; they refuse to be tried by Egyptian courts for offences against Egyptian law; they force upon the Egyptians—who are Moslems and therefore Puritans, loathing the institution of prostitution—they force upon the Egyptians their own filthy West European system of state medical inspection of prostitutes.

You may argue, perhaps, that these hardships can't be helped; you may be inclined to contend that they represent the price which the Egyptians must pay for being "politically incapable," for being in North Africa instead of in Central Europe. But let us take the case of Tunis. That is a stretch of North Africa. It once belonged to the Sultan of Turkey and all of us "Christian powers" had Capitulations with Turkey "protecting" our nationals in Tunis. Then France came along, wrested Tunis away from Turkey and asked us, as a special favor, to surrender our Capitulations and not to exact for our nationals those special privileges in Tunis which we have been exacting in Egypt. Would you believe it, we surrended them without a murmur! Nothing disastrous happened; tourists and investors found life and property safe in Tunis. A Nineteenth Century myth went bang.

In Egypt these Capitulations have not visibly netted us Americans much but we have clung to them, apparently from a vague Yankee sense that we intended to get as much as the next fellow. We have a small colony in Egypt—retired judges, cotton exporters, archeologists, missionaries—practically all belonging to the same school of thought. It was at their instance—I suppose, though I don't know—that Secretary Hughes gave the Capitulations a fresh, if not practically indefinite, lease of life. What happened was this:

On February 28, 1922, Great Britain issued a Declaration to Egypt formally abandoning the Protectorate over Egypt which she had established abruptly on December 18, 1914, after the outbreak of the Great War. The war was over in 1918 but England clung to the Protectorate, hoping apparently to wear down the opposition and to enjoy the permanent occupation of the country. But the Egyptians, as we have seen, made such prolonged and violent protests that the idea of a permanent Protectorate was finally abandoned. With a great flourish—the sort of flourish which makes British imperialism so fascinating to the satirist—England announced that Egypt was free. The London newspapers pealed with editorials congratulating the Egyptians; I imagine that the New York newspapers followed, though I am not sure.* But it was not a bona fide "Anglo-Saxon" freedom that was offered the Egyptians; it had various strings to it and the Egyptian people regarded it then—and still regard it—with suspicion. But it was conceivably the beginning of independence. And what did we do? Secretary Hughes promptly sent to Egypt a formal recognition of her new status, announcing at the same time that we reserved all our rights and special privileges in the land of the Nile! And then all the others went piling in, congratulating Egypt on her "freedom" and reserving *their* rights! So the International Occupation of Egypt goes on. By insisting upon the Capitulations, we not only continue to block self-government, but we give the British the best excuse in the world for remaining in Egypt. Forty years of mischievous, irresponsible intervention in Egypt ought to be enough for us. Why not clear out?

CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN.

London.

* They did.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Tchehov and Ibsen

SIR: In Stark Young's article in your issue of May 23rd Madame Tchehov is reported as saying that her husband hated Ibsen; "not Ibsen you know, any one could have seen that Tchehov hated Ibsen, Ibsen was like a professor laying down rules." "As I am soon coming to Moscow, please keep a ticket for me for The Pillars of Society," wrote Tchehov to A. L. Vishnevsky on November 7th, 1903, "I want to see the marvellous Norwegian acting, and I will even pay for my seat. You know Ibsen is my favorite writer." Was Tchehov ironical? Or is Madame Tchehov mistaken? Or did Tchehov, to paraphrase Mr. Young's article, "feel one way about Ibsen at one time, another at another?" "Tchehov never said what he thought, never," says Madame Tchehov, ". . . I had just to see somehow if I could what he was thinking." Perhaps we shall have to do the same in this matter of Ibsen.

HAROLD GODDARD.

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

The Community Chest Idea

SIR: After reading the article entitled Suppose Nobody Cared in your issue of May 16th, one wonders how its intemperate tone and jaundiced viewpoint escaped the eye of the usually discerning editor. Not one reference is found to the great spiritual motif back of the Community Chest idea.

The Chest philosophy is fundamentally democratic, in that it promulgates and presses home the doctrine that the welfare of the individual is the *concern* and *responsibility* of the *entire* community. It puts the unity in Community by stressing the fact that the number of givers to the common cause is as vital an issue as the amount contributed; it helps, as no other agency has before, to dissipate religious, class, and racial prejudices, by marshalling the problems in the path of Social Progress *as a whole*, as opposed to regimentation.

Furthermore, and answering the writer's argument that "it (the Chest) gives absolute control of social agencies into the hands of those who least approve them"—if this be true, there

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is still hope, for if democracy is the real expression of American life and thought, it is reasonable to believe that human interest, in the future as in the past, will follow the dollar, and that with the consciousness of that interest will come the demand perforce that all grades of givers be accorded equitable representation on governing boards and committees.

Thus, we may justifiably hope that, given time, the suffrage limitation found in this form of experimental democracy will be eliminated, until rich man and poor, Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, native and foreign born, will be brought to meet on a parity by enlistment of interest in a *common* cause.

WILL R. REEVES,
Executive Secretary, Community Service.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Strange Silence

SIR: Will the editor who wrote in your issue of April 11th on Dorothy Keenan and Mr. Marshall give your readers an explanation of the reason why this particular murder mystery suddenly ceased to be mentioned by the newspapers that had devoted so much space to it between March 15th and 28th?

MARY CLARK.

New York City.

Morris Cohen's Review

SIR: I am disappointed in the general tone adopted by Mr. Cohen in his review of Mr. Hoover's book on American Individualism in a recent number.

I do not know whether you are willing to publish a criticism of one of your criticisms, but I should like to make these excerpts from Mr. Hoover's little book as a comment upon your police-court, lawyer-like review:

> The perpetual howl of radicalism is that it is the sole voice of liberalism, that devotion to social progress is its field alone.
>
> There are also those who insist that the future must be a repetition of the past, that ideas are dangerous, that ideals are freaks.
>
> To find that fine balance which links the future with the past, whose vision is of men and not of tools, that possesses the courage to construct rather than to criticize. This is our need.
>
> There is no oratory so easy, no writing so trenchant and vivid as the phrase-making of criticism and malice. There is none so difficult as inspiration to construction.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR.

Stanford University.

The Honfleur Conference

SIR: At the picturesque fishing-town of Honfleur on the Norman coast (which is reached in forty minutes by daily boat from Havre) a conference for the study and discussion of international questions is being arranged for July 22—August 12, 1923, under the auspices of members of the Society of Friends. It is planned to hold short courses of study on such subjects as modern history, sociology and economics, and to have as well, numerous lectures by men and women specially qualified to speak on international questions. It is intended also to hold lectures and discussions on new social ideas and problems, and upon matters of historic and artistic interest. The names of all the lecturers will be given later. Among those already listed are Jeanne Mélin, Lucie Dejardin and Jean Longuet. Lectures will be given in both French and English.

Tickets of admission may be had by mail on application to the secretary before June 20th, and at the office of the Conference, Pavillon N. D. de Grace, Honfleur, after July 15th. The price is ten dollars for the course; two pounds in English money, or one hundred and forty francs.

MARY KELSEY, Executive Secretary,
The Honfleur Conference.

Short Hills, New Jersey.

The Outlawry of War

SIR: In one of your recent issues I noted the following statement made by Professor John Dewey:

> The idea of outlawry of war first saw the light of day in the New Republic for March 9, 1918, in an article by Mr. Levinson of Chicago.

Professor Dewey, I am sure, spoke in the absence of the fullest information on the subject. The plan described in the extract was elaborated in a speech of considerable length made before the Mohonk Arbitration Conference in May 1913, by Jackson H. Ralston of this city. This speech was reproduced in the Public (of Chicago) of June 21, 1913. Later, in an article by Mr. Ralston in The Advocate of Peace of July 1915, he said:

> Our laws of war have utterly failed because they have started from the premise above indicated, that war was natural, inevitable, even laudable and righteous. We can never meet the difficulty until we approach the problem from an entirely different standpoint. We must, as a nation, treat war as abhorrent and to be stamped out. We must never again send a representative to a Peace Conference to write the laws of war. In the place of such burlesque upon peace, we must write real declarations of principle by nations which intend not to enter into war, but propose to render it unnecessary and impossible, and undertake to punish as far as practicable nations indulging in it. At least we must do this and accept the consequences of such new rules of action if, indeed, we believe war to be an evil and a nuisance, though in our minds it may fall short of being a crime.
>
> It makes a great difference whether the laws of burglary are framed by burglars, even by those who, recognizing the frailty of human nature, expect that some time or other they will be compelled to resort to burglary, or, on the other hand, by citizens who are not burglars, do not expect to indulge in burglary, and do propose to treat it as an objectionable occupation.

It is always very difficult to trace the genesis of an idea but the above will show that this particular one is somewhat older than Professor Dewey had in mind. The whole subject of the proper rules to prevail between nations and the theory upon which they must be founded is very fully developed in Mr. Ralston's recent book, Democracy's International Law.

Washington, D. C. T. L. COLE.

Darwin and Species-Changes

SIR: In the very interesting article in your recent issue Where Evolution Stands Today, Mr. Kellogg says that Darwin's explanation of species-changes, is based upon certain *facts* and certain *assumptions*: the facts then mentioned are "variation" and "over production": he then says that Darwin "assumed" that there will be a struggle for existence . . . in which favorable variations would play a life preserving part, and "assuming" that these variations would be inherited, etc. I submit that there is no question as to the "struggle" for existence, nor as to the inheritance of many, if not all congenital variations. The struggle for existence and the inheritance of congenital variations should both be included among established facts.

Darwin undoubtedly had a just appreciation of small specific differences and of the wonders of adaptations, and he concluded that *very* slight variation might give advantage and, if the struggle were continued over a sufficient time, that the developments we see could be brought about. In discussing this possibility, Darwin refers to the many varieties produced by man, who exercises his selective powers *only* on *obvious* variations, *external* and *visible* characters, continued only for a *short* time; whereas, he says, natural selection acts on *every* internal organ, on *every shade* of constitutional difference, on the *whole* machinery of life, through *long geological ages* and that in a general way it is easy to conclude that nature may make species.

The impression left upon the general reader by the article is not, I think, in entire accord with the most widely accepted view as to the influence of natural selection in evolution, nor need we yet conclude the Darwinian explanation of the "modus operandi" of evolution to be hopelessly insufficient.

S. E. TILLMAN.

New York City.

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Stops Of Various Quills

Minotaur

Go study to distain
The frail, the over-fine
Which tapers to a line
Knotted about the brain.

Unscrupulous to pinch
And polish down the thin
And fire-encasing skin
Which pares away an inch

Of valuable soil
Whereon a god took root;
Diminishing a brute
With pumice and with oil.

Distrust the exquisite,
The sharpened silver nerve,
The lacquered, nacred curve,
Wherein a moon is lit.

Aristocratic skulls
Rejected as inept
That innocency kept
'Twixt orbed eyes of bulls.

Black lava-crusted coins
Bear heavy brow and limb,
The monstrous stamp of him
Who sprung from Taurine loins.

Gaze ever and at length
Upon the carven head,
Devouring it as bread
To thrive upon its strength.

The sword-deflecting scar
Indented and oblique
That stripes the savage cheek;
The throat made columnar.

In copper, and up-raised
To such a trumpet shape
No clangour can escape,
These only must be praised.

This only is the cure,
To clasp the creature fast;
The flesh survives at last
Because it is not pure.

From flesh refined to glass
A god goes desert-ward,
Astride a spotted pard,
Between an ox and ass.

Let innocence enchant
The flesh to fiercer grain
More fitted to retain
This burning visitant.

ELINOR WYLIE.

Sea Pool

Was it the cool and ivory water lilies
  In this sea pool that urged her from the town,
Or do you think it was the swirling fishes
  With spotted tails that dragged her body down?

Anyone might catch her gown on a star,
  Anyone might slip when the earth gave way,
Anyone looking into water, any sweet woman
  Using it for a mirror might suddenly sway.

HAROLD VINAL.

Wistaria

Clouds dream and disappear;
Waters dream in a rainbow and are gone;
Fire-dreams change with the sun
Or when a poppy closes;
But now is the time of year
For the dark earth, one by one,
To show her slower dreams. And nothing she has ever done
Has given more ease
To her perplexities
Than the dreaming of dreams like these:

Not irises,
Not any spear
Of lilies or cup of roses,
But these pale, purple images,
As if, from willows or from pepper-trees,
Shadows were gleaming on the Buddha's knees.

WITTER BYNNER.

Ditch-Diggers

Is there any human thing that is older than these
Men in earth-colored clothes, sanded with pink brick-dust?
Their blouses are stony blue, stained with a faded rust.
They are heavy as figures of clay, rhythmic and stern as trees.
They lift their arms and their hammers, their hands and the stones,
They bend like the stooping slaves who bent to the pyramids;
There is earth in their nails, on their knees, on their wrinkled lids;
They know the soil and the rock as the gnawing worm knows bones.
They are simple and taciturn as this earth that yields them bread.
Their sweat is strong, their sudden voices are loud.
With hod and ancient barrow they hold the crowd
That watches with eyes anhungered and watching them, is fed.
Bastards of conquered nations, from the pit of the world they come
To dig as their fathers digged, and make a place for their sons.
They are the salt of the earth, her cherished, her chastened ones.
They will go back at last, the diggers, and lie at home.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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Books and Things

WHEN Mr. A. Edward Newton, a man of various inquiry, first engaged in this work—Doctor Johnson, A Play, The Atlantic Monthly Press, $3.50—he must have pleased himself with a prospect of the hours he should revel away in the feasts of literature. Solicited by something nobler than the love of precocious fame, he would appear to have kept this piece by him for the full Horatian period, disdaining to drive it forth in a state of immaturity, and thus to intercept the full-blown elegance which longer growth has supplied. Happy is the author who can enrich his work by attentive choice after gradual accumulation, who can delay his publication until he has satisfied the judicious friends of his hero, and who can perceive the conclusion of his labors with an eye of sorrow. From Mr. Newton's play he who knows nothing of Dr. Johnson will acquire a curiosity to know more, and he who knows something will find his knowledge recalled to his mind in a manner highly pleasing.

After these inauguratory gratulations, he who watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to detect specious alteration, will consider himself as obliged to offer some proof of his superior abilities. Such opportunities a very small degree of sagacity will enable him to discover. A critic, desirous of exhibiting his familiarity with The Age of Johnson, may justly reprehend Mr. Newton for having altered "that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself" into "by myself" (p. 12); for having altered "the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross" into "high tide" (p. 22); and may thus, at slight expense of research, set up as a formidable scholar. But these minute departures from a dogged veracity will astonish no man whose own experience of life has taught him that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, or that slight avocations will seduce attention.

These two paragraphs, although most of the phrases in them are Dr. Johnson's own, do not make the Johnsonian noise. Not only do the phrases I could find no authority for stick out: they denature the others, for which I could give chapter and verse. The effort of concocting such paragraphs, and my inability to weave the right web, have taught me to wonder more than ever at Mr. Newton's adroitness, at his long patience. For he has not chosen the easiest way. He has not taken from Boswell any of the scenes—the only one I can think of at the moment being the first meeting, at the Messieurs Dillys', between the Doctor and Mr. Wilkes—which he might have put into his play with the minimum of adaptation. The finishing of the Dictionary, Mr. Thrale's death, Mrs. Thrale's engagement to Piozzi, Dr. Johnson's death—each of these events gives Mr. Newton the date and place of an act. Dr. Johnson's death gives him more. It provides the fourth act with a current and with something to flow towards.

Pleasure in meeting old friends, admiration of Mr. Newton as a cunning artificer of pastiche, now and then a query as to whether this change or that was quite necessary, renewed pleasure, gratitude, more queries—something like this my state of mind has been while reading. What I should be glad to know is how the play strikes a reader whose acquaintance with Boswell is as much slighter than mine as mine is than Mr. Newton's. How it strikes a reader, in other words, who doesn't know Boswell at all. He will not be disconcerted, as I am a little, when Mr. Newton takes the following speech away from Mr. Oliver Edwards and gives it to Mr. Arthur Murphy: "I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in." To deprive Mr. Edwards of these words, the only ones by which he is remembered, is as unkind as it would have been to deprive Demosthenes Taylor of the one word "Richard." And I will go bail that Mr. Murphy could not, except as a joke, have said them. Mr. Murphy was a rather acute man. Didn't he say of Dr. Johnson: "A fallacy could not stand before him; it was sure to be refuted by strength of reasoning, and by a precision both in idea and expression almost unequalled. When he chose by apt illustration to place the argument of his adversary in a ludicrous light, one was almost inclined to think *ridicule the test of truth.* He was surprised to be told, but it is certainly true, that, with great powers of mind, wit and humor were his shining talents."

Another change provokes me to another sort of protest. In Mr. Newton's first act he makes Dr. Johnson say to Boswell, when speaking of Bet Flint: "I am glad that you do not know her: she is habitually a drunkard and a woman of the town, occasionally a thief, needless to say a woman of much effrontery—from the country I think." In Boswell Dr. Johnson expresses himself more forcibly: "I used to say of her that she was generally slut and drunkard; occasionally, whore and thief." I can't guess why Mr. Newton omitted "slut," and as for his other refinement, it is too much like changing the title of Ford's play into 'Tis Pity She's a Woman of the Town, or revising the Authorized Version so as to read: "And there came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, Come hither; I will shew thee the judgment of the great woman of the town that sitteth upon many waters."

I mention these small blemishes only because they may easily be removed. For the most part Mr. Newman is so workmanlike that one wishes he would attempt the impossible, would imagine those pages of which all readers of Boswell most regret the absence, would show us those two combatants at Auchinleck whom Boswell thought "it would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit . . . for the entertainment of the public."

As for the inner drama of Dr. Johnson's life, it can never be written in dramatic form. He has written it once for all in his meditations and prayers. Such was this great Englishman's savour of character that he has given a dignity even to his struggle against sloth, with most of us the meanest of struggles. He prayed again and again for strength to get up early; at six, when most hopeful; in less credulous seasons at eight: "I purpose to rise at eight, because, though I shall not yet rise early, it will be much earlier than I now rise." These prayers were not answered. The fight was lost every day. But one of his prayers was granted to the full: "O Lord, who hast ordained labour to be the lot of man, and seest the necessities of all Thy creatures, bless my studies and endeavors; feed me with food convenient for me; and if it shall be Thy good pleasure to intrust me with plenty, give me a compassionate heart, that I may be ready to relieve the wants of others." No one was readier. In his sad and stout old heart compassion kept house. He had as much compassion as he had of wit, for which even he did not pray, who made so many odd requests of his Maker; asking among other things, when he was fifty-eight years old, to be enabled "so to pursue the study of tongues, that I may promote Thy glory and my own salvation." P. L.

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Elegance Down the Ages

The Satyricon, by Petronius, translated by J. M. Mitchell. London: Routledge. 7s. 6d.

THIS book is called a "Broadway Translation," which may account for everything. It may account for some passages having been left in the original Latin—a craven expedient, but defensible; for at least one having been omitted entirely—which is indefensible; and for the text having been persistently tampered with and toned down to spare the blushes of Broadway—which is vile. Anyone, therefore, who cannot read easily the Latin of Petronius—and it is abominably difficult—and yet is bent on knowing what this curious and much-talked-of book is about, had better procure the translation by Laurent Tailhade (éditions de la Sirène). It is an honest version in excellent, if unconventional, French; and if the ardent seeker after out-of-the-way information finds it hard to follow, all I can say is he would be better employed learning French than in poking his nose into the oddities of antiquity. But if study Petronius in English he must, he will find Mr. Mitchell's paraphrase, at once emasculate and jaunty though it is, at any rate readable. For Mr. Mitchell is manifestly a scholar, a capable writer, and a man of sense, which makes his disastrous, and possibly unwilling, prudery the more deplorable.

The Satyricon—to be exact, that fragment of it which has come down to us—is an amusing, realistic, digressive, sarcastic, second-class novel of adventure. I should say it was about as good as Le Diable Boiteux and distinctly less good than Moll Flanders. At any rate, it makes less depressing reading than most Latin literature, because it is a genuine record of a clever man's observations, instead of having rather the air of a sixth-form "copy." Most of what are called the classical Roman authors had very few ideas or feelings of their own, and none at all of those ideas and feelings which express themselves inevitably in works of art. So, just as the sixth-form boy, with his lack of spiritual experience and scanty reading, goes to a few trusty authors and the classical dictionary for his matter, the Romans went to the Greeks. How to versify, ratiocinate, and compose they knew, because they had been taught; and, like the schoolboy, they wrote poems, plays, and philosophical treatises, because it was their duty. The reason why these productions remind us too often of "proses" and "verses" is that, unlike genuine literature, they are not expressions of personal feelings bubbling up from the depths of intense and passionate life, but "compositions," related hardly at all to aesthetic experience, and arising, not out of an impulse, but out of a notion of what literature should be.

Catullus, Tacitus, and Petronius are three striking exceptions—there are others—to this dreary rule; and not unnaturally those who have to spend their lives reading Latin books in gratitude exaggerate their merits. For the Satyricon, though a real book and a good book, is not a great book. It is made out of a mass of clever observations, sifted through an intelligence, but not through a temperament. That is about as much as can be expected of a Roman; people incapable of fine feeling and delicate thought can but observe and record. Roman literature, though it can hardly be said to express anything, is a manifestation of Roman dullness and brutality. For instance, where modern literature would give us romantic love, and Greek Socratic, the Romans can think of nothing but heavy lust; and even about that they cannot be charmingly indecent, though Horace tried to be. Where an English or French writer (Shakespeare or Lafontaine) would give us a hundred pretty, prurient gallantries, Ovid seems never to guess that a man can have any but one thing to do with a woman. The Romans never flirted. It is significant that the passion of Propertius, generally reckoned the most sentimental and elegiac of Roman poets, was for a drab; compare his Cynthia with the Stella of Sidney, and you will taste in a moment the difference in quality of thought and feeling between the still boyish England of Elizabeth and the mature Rome of Augustus. And if we like to make something subtler of the affair between Caesar and Servilia, that, I suppose, is because we would sprinkle all the garniture we can gather round that delightful story of Caesar being called upon by righteous old Cato to read in full senate a note (treasonable, no doubt) which had just been thrust into his hand—which note turned out to be a love-letter from Cato's own sister, the wife of the consul Silanus.

Exquisiteness was not in the Roman way; and Petronius, though he can be crudely ironical and has a pretty turn for parody, never reaches wit. Wit flies brutality; broad jests, invective, rough satire, and horseplay are more in the high Roman fashion—though Tacitus, as we are not allowed to forget, could be dreadfully cutting. But wit, fine irony, whimsicality, and the choicer kinds of humor can, like taste, conversation, and gallantry, flourish only in a world where brain has definitely got the better of brawn. No one will be at much pains to sharpen an intellectual rapier or feather a shaft in a society where the recognized method of putting down an adversary is to call him "dirty dog" or catch him a clip on the jaw; so Rome was as unpromising a breeding-ground for wit as a football-field or the House of Commons. And Petronius was a Roman. He was arbiter of the elegances, to be sure; but I suspect those elegances consisted mainly in circus-tricks, costumes, and Bithynian boys, and the presentation rather than the cooking of a dinner: and doubtless these were more elegant than the self-conscious exchange of second-hand platitudes on literature and philosophy which seems to have done duty for culture. Certainly Petronius was critical of his surroundings; but I see no reason to suppose that he rose much above them.

Neither is there much reason to suppose that Trimalchio's notorious dinner-party, with its superfluity of expensive things and dearth of good ones (such good things as there were, the food and drink, for instance, spoilt by the ostentatious impropriety of the service), with its buffoonery and din, with its pointless jokes, its imbecile anecdotes, its purse-proud self-satisfaction, its sciolism, and its endless array of threadbare clichés, was not typical of the sort of thing that passed for conviviality at Rome. Becker, at any rate, makes it the basis of his account of a Roman dinner-party. And, though I know it is now the fashion to call Becker old-fashioned, I notice that most modern scholars who attempt to describe Roman life still depend a good deal—sometimes more than they care to admit—on old Becker's industry and erudition. This much, at least, may be said to those who venture to speak of Greek and Roman civilization as if the two were almost identical: Trimalchio's party may have been exceptional in Italy, it would have been utterly impossible at Athens; while Agathon's, exceptional anywhere, would have been out of the question at Rome. For our private comfort we may add that the level of vulgar brutality implied by Trimalchio's entertain-

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ment has not yet been reached in England or France. For America I am not in a position to answer: the following instance, cited by Mr. Mitchell, would be ominous if it were true:—

> According to a New York correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, in August, 1913, a dance was given at a garage with its shooting and bowling galleries and rows of Aunt Sallys. . . . With the ices the chef took in a huge cake with sixteen lighted candles. It was cut, and from it sprung a tiger, which crouched and then leaped towards the hostess, whose health was drunk with enthusiasm.

CLIVE BELL.

Sampler Psychology

Human Traits and Their Social Significance, by Irwin Edman. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.
Social Psychology, the Bases of Behavior Called Social, by Robert H. Gault. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE "science" of social psychology is the joint product of popular demand and the ineptitude of orthodox psychology. Naturally, therefore, it is a mongrel. Its very existence is a rebuke to both its parents—to the public because it could not wait; to psychology because it could not hurry.

The insatiable curiosity of the modern world in its own social life exceeds in intellectual restlessness all other periods. The speed with which the industrial revolution has proceeded has generated a very high temperature of self-consciousness, a feverish interest in the mainsprings of human behavior. And this sudden interest the older psychologists, wrapt as they have been in the metamorphosis of their discipline from theology to science through the larva stage of experiment upon the sense organs, have been almost wholly unprepared to meet. The inevitable result has been that the outsiders have provided their own psychology by the irresponsible selection of a few likely looking "laws" and their presentation—tastily dressed in the long clothes of bombast and exaggerations—as the new-born science. The device has served its purpose; yet as time passes the question begins to emerge whether its very success may not prove its undoing, as a new and separate establishment.

For the scientists themselves have not taken kindly to social psychology. They are not, for the most part, responsible for the predatory sampling of their wares of which it was made up. That has been the work of sociologists too busy with the panorama of a cosmic theory to stickle over the detailed facts of human behavior, of the occasional psychologist with a crotchet, and of the perennial flock of popularizers. Quite naturally, then, the orthodox psychologists have been severely critical of each successive sampling: imitation, and suggestibility, the "crowd-mind," and the various lists of all sufficient instincts. Social psychology has had an immense run with the public; but it is not surviving the committee on credentials.

Consequently it is now passing through a period of retrenchment and the liquidation of slightly shop-worn samples. Among its assets are (1) the pretty well proved inadequacy and irrelevance of most of the old psychology to an understanding of the behavior of civilized adults, and (2) the clear demonstration that for such an understanding the analysis of behavior into its original and its acquired elements is of primary importance. Among its liabilities are its undeniable theoretical loose-jointedness and the extreme dogmatism of its over-emphasis upon the various faculties and laws which it has so confidently presented as the whole explanation of social behavior.

The two books noted above represent this process of retrenchment. Neither has any substantial contribution to make to the theory of social behavior beyond the exhibition of the operation of certain selected "human traits." Yet each is excessively cautious about the claims it makes for its chosen traits. Each appears rather as a collection of homely truths than as a solution of cosmic problems.

Mr. Edman's book is something in the nature of an Encyclopaedia of Human Life. In fact, it was written to be the text of a segment of the enormous cram course in Contemporary Civilization through which Columbia turns boys into collegians. Its appointed function is to stock the empty freshman, and one may fairly say that it does stock the mind without straining the intellect. Mr. Edman has covered the whole field of psychology, the whole field of organized social behavior, the whole field of the spiritual life, sampling, quoting, explaining, reconciling—stowing everything away in its proper place and cross indexing its relations to everything else. Nothing is overlooked; nothing is over-emphasized. And all is accomplished in an easy, graceful, fluent style that is readable without being distinguished, precisely as the book is accurate and exhaustive and thoroughly modern without pretending to make an original contribution to the theory of human behavior.

Mr. Gault's book is something much slighter though not essentially different. One imagines that it is in reality a collection of essays, all bearing upon social psychology, though the transition from one to another is often rather abrupt. Some, like the chapters on instinct and custom, apply directly to the analysis of social behavior; others, like those on race, on social progress, on social adjustment, seem to belong to ethnology and sociology. All are informed, cautious, and free of partisan excesses; none is to any considerable degree penetrating or even incisive.

Indeed, it is probably too much to ask of a book on social psychology that it be brilliantly original. The problem has become too large to be solved by inspiration and rhetoric. Under a continuous fire of criticism the new science has helped itself to increasingly large portions of its parent's wares until it has finally taken over the entire range of "human traits." Or, to try another figure, it began as an expansive prodigal and, like the prodigal, it has pretty much limped back to the shelter of the ancestral dwelling.

And it finds little solace there. On the contrary, fundamentalists and modernists are there locked in a combat upon the outcome of which the fate of all depends. The combat is violent and raises so thick a dust of verbiage as to make a clear identification of the objectives nearly impossible. The most damning epithets emerge from the mêlée, such as "soul-psychology," and "the return to theology" on one side, and on the other "muscle-twitch psychology," "mechanistic mosaic psychology," and that "most misshapen dwarf, behaviorism, which just now is rampant in this country." It would seem that to take notice either of the soul or of the organism leads equally to the charge of intellectual degeneration. Probably the truth is that all the psychologists are moving away from a past in which their subject matter was defined in terms

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more explicitly theological than any now employ and towards a future more objective, even more physiological, than any can be at present. Certainly this has been the drift of the entire modern period, and as the same drift is to be found in every other field it were difficult indeed to deny that it will probably continue to operate here.

This drift is important for "social" psychology not, as fundamentalists like McDougall affect to suppose, because a knowledge of the organic details of nerve coordination is ever likely to supplant the general theory of behavior, but rather because it means that theories based upon the "common knowledge" of tradition are being supplanted by theories based upon fact. Indeed, research and theory have never been so definitely concentrated upon a single problem as they are now. Nearly all the work that is being done centres in the distinction of inherited traits from acquired modes of behavior. And the exposure of the extravagant claims of the instinct theorists, by which behavior has been pictured as welling up from the breast of each individual according to his race, sex, and I. Q., has cleared the way for a fresh start toward a theory of behavior based upon the facts of physiology and anthropology.

Such a theory takes its origin from the recognition that human nature is built out of two sets of elements—the organism, and culture, or as Dewey calls it "pre-existing organized behavior." Psychology has been half a century establishing its affinity to the sciences that deal with the organism; it is only just beginning to turn to those which examine existing organized behavior. But the new connection is the more promising because it is reciprocal. The platform of the alliance has been most clearly stated in a book just off the press: Clark Wissler's Man and Culture. "Anthropologists," says Wissler—and he is eminently qualified to speak for them, "are in the broad sense behaviorists, and so stand shoulder to shoulder with those psychologists to whom the same term applies."

Thus psychology, by taking its place between the other sciences of behavior as the study of the processes by which organism and culture react upon each other, is not only receiving the hand of fellowship from powerful allies but is also closing the ranks of the sciences of human nature: anatomy-physiology-psychology-anthropology. This is precisely the integration which social psychology attempted prematurely to make. Consequently its accomplishment through the development of scientific psychology dispels the need for a special, coordinating, "social" branch. "Social behavior" must mean either the whole of behavior, or the canons and traditions of civilization. And consequently "social psychology" must sooner or later come either to embrace this entire series of human sciences, or to apply directly to the study of pre-existing organized behavior, to wit, anthropology.

CLARENCE E. AYRES.

Bottomless History

The Old Drama and the New, by William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $3.00.

NOBODY objects to Mr. Archer's rebound from most of the English literary criticism of the Elizabethan dramatists. Lamb by virtue of his theatre affections had some insight for dramatic qualities no doubt, certainly he had some eye for acting. Coleridge through his philosophy and his poetic imagination was capable of many wisdoms in all arts. And Swinburne could not have been the poet he was without being able to recognize to some extent poetry and truth when he saw it in Elizabethan drama or anywhere else. Mr. Archer should get as much clearly and unmistakably said—I am sure he knows it—before he goes any further; and that there is behind all arts a region that belongs to every one of them, and that insight is insight, however unspecialized and untechnical it may be.

But even these great men liked to hear themselves talk and many of their observations on the Elizabethan drama are only stylistic and vain ramifications of their egos; Swinburne with his words winging themselves into high-blown hyperbole, and Lamb with his periods and sententious elaborations, God help us! What shall we say, then, of all those editors and critics, the Sir This and Sir That and Professor Thus and So, men who know nothing about the art of the theatre but whose honorable public careers lead them into elegant incursions into belles lettres and the arts, or whose Oxford and Cambridge cultures induce a hint at least of sonorities and arrested adolescent eloquence and subdivisions on whatever subject they undertake, and this not rarely some dramatist of the reigns of Elizabeth and James? From all these Mr. Archer may depart as fast and hard as he likes.

But Mr. Archer must renounce these writers and their judgments of Webster, Ben Jonson or any Elizabethan, either on the grounds of personal preference, because he differs with them in his choices, or else on the ground of their lack of any fundamental theory of the art of the theatre on which to proceed. How far these various critics and editors whose praise of the Elizabethans Mr. Archer takes more or less as a starting-place for one of the main points of his book, have any fundamental conceptions of what they are writing about must vary of course. And I can agree with Mr. Archer in thinking the Elizabethans too often very tiresome indeed. But what I object to is Mr. Archer's quality of objection and the nature of his argument about the progress of English drama.

The drama in English, Mr. Archer thinks, as represented in such moderns as Galsworthy, Pinero, Shaw, Barrie and others, can be shown to have advanced during the last three centuries. That may or may not be true. But there are two points that Mr. Archer makes in support of it that illustrate well enough the limitations of his book in general and serve easily to dispose of The Old Drama and the New so far as concerns any theatre student seeking light.

For us after all, Mr. Archer says, to write in the form we have, to write moderately, working within intractable actuality and keeping away from unreal excess and violence and remaining true to what we know to be true, is harder than it was to write in that free and chaotic license that the Elizabethans enjoyed, who could do anything they liked and whatever their demons, angelic or damned, led them toward. But this is like saying that it is harder to make a mission table, square and most actual as it is indeed, than to make an Elizabethan table with its loose privileges and audacities of design. Which is no doubt easier if in either case there is nothing to be expressed. Otherwise it is obvious that, for one thing, an artist tends to think within the form current around him; he tends to get life in terms of it. And for another, it is obvious that the essential difficulty of a form, old or current or new, for an artist depends on its relation to his content. The form is not, apart from the content, harder or easier. And if Galsworthy's own dramatic form and method seems harder

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for him than Webster's or Ben Jonson's forms would be, that is because it lies closer to the problem of Galsworthy's expression of himself. In sum, since we are not Elizabethans, it may seem easier to achieve success in their terms, because of the fact that their terms have not for us the necessities and exactions that they had for them, just as it may seem easier to be a model Roman, now that the Roman code does not fit us closely, than to be an ideal modern citizen; or as it may seem, indeed, easier to be any other thing than precisely oneself.

See the extravagance, Mr. Archer says—leaving out Shakespeare as not representative—of these Elizabethan dramatists; see how they allow themselves every sort of chaos, every number of scenes, every lack of sequence, of logic, of proportion, of everything. Mr. Archer has pages and pages over their violences; blandly and humorously, with no little of the light touch and literary cricket, he enumerates the dozen deaths in one play, the rash, unequal characters, the fratricides, the incests, the suicides, the poisonings, the feeding ladies their lovers' hearts to eat. With too little mention of their extremes in magnificence and poetic range, he cites the Elizabethan extremities of action, of imagery, of exaggerated detail. And for the life of him he finds it difficult to sympathize with certain recent recommendations for the use of the soliloquy, of irregular scenes and so on; why, he asks, return to things that we have progressed beyond?

But it ought to be clear that the first function of drama is to convey the content of the life it expresses. Its form will be determined by its content. And it ought to be clear that if the pitch heard and required by Elizabethan ears must be sustained by such strong instruments as murders, incest and high audacious imagination, violent or profound, why then these things are in order precisely as Mr. Galsworthy's gentler thefts and parental misfits are in order if they express the pitch at which his public wants to hear life expressed. Queen Victoria may get the desired shock or comment on life out of Paula Tanqueray's discovery of a letter, King James out of the Duchess' discovery of her paramour's body cooked up and served at her banquet table; but that is a commentary on the Elizabethan epoch rather than on its drama. We may choose between two epochs. We may prefer, if you like, our own society and ideas, and so accordingly the dramatic technique that expresses them. But that is saying very little about the art of the theatre.

The relation of Mr. Archer's whole book to the subject for the most part is about on a par with these two points.

STARK YOUNG.

To Tell You the Truth

To Tell You The Truth, by Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.90.

HERE is Merrick at his best, with a baker's dozen of short stories that, if published under an unfamiliar name, would herald a new master of fiction. His is the art that conceals art. The short sentences pulsate with life, and the transitions though startling are always finely rational. Irony, sparingly employed, reflects a subtle intelligence unexpectedly merciful; perhaps because its source is not disillusion. One speculates on the debt Aldous Huxley must owe to Leonard Merrick.

A majority of the tales are drawn from the Parisian scene (Alphonse Daudet's Paris), depicting that bourgeoisie so incredibly dissimilar in its psychology from any other relative category outside of France. One cannot avoid the comparison—or rather note the incongruity of comparison—for two or three stories of the English middle class are included in this volume. There is pathos, frequently poignant, but in proportion; one never feels that Merrick trespasses on the sentimental, yet of sentiment there is full measure.

Even when one foresees the dénouement, as must occasionally happen, the narrative does not suffer. Entirely comprehensible is the attitude of the lady who said to her distinguished guest after his dissertation on relativity: "Oh Mr. Leo, I just love to hear you talk!" One feels one must read on to the end if only to savor the rhythm of capital prose. But of course there is nothing abstruse about Merrick. His lucidity and ease of expression make one wonder why anyone couldn't have done the same thing. So far, apparently, no one has.

D. DEK.

500,000 Daily

The W. G. N. Chicago: The Tribune Company.

"W. G. N." is "World's Greatest Newspaper," a title conferred on itself by the Chicago Tribune. This book is published in commemoration of that journal's seventy-fifth birthday. In 1847 a first edition of four hundred Tribunes was printed on a Washington hand press, worked by one of the editors. Chicago then had 16,000 people. Stagecoach companies, great monopolies interested in hotels and stores and horses, were fighting to keep the first railway from linking up the little lake town with the eastern cities. Down through the days of the gold rush and the fire, Haymarket riots and the World's Fair, has come the Tribune—to its greatest circulation in the Middle West and most reverberating headlines in America.

Technically, a modern metropolitan newspaper is an amazing triumph in organizing last-minute effort. No other business in the world throws away, each morning, all that is built up the day before—and starts again from the ground up. With the exception of a few columns of standing advertisements, a newspaper scraps everything, regularly each day, except its name. Even the weather report goes by the board. From all over the world, arriving with a rush that reaches its peak at the last moment before press-time, comes every night a flood of news that needs to be rewritten, cast in type, proof-read, baptized with more or less appropriate headlines, juggled into some position where it fits.

This Tribune book is one of the best stories of that process which has yet been written. Step by step, with diagrams and excellent illustrations to help out, it shows how two hundred columns of printed matter are marshalled into little bins and tagged with their respective labels. It tells how "city news" arrives in "flashes" carried by pneumatic tube; how foreign news is dispatched in queer pigeon English known as "Cablese," saving wire costs by jumping words together; how editors juggle with a "dummy," changing every minute, to keep their news from spilling over the day's limits—and get the livest of it printed where

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it's sure to catch the reader's eye. There are interesting accounts, here, of presses that snatch at great half-ton rolls of paper without stopping to reload; of photographic processes that produce the Rotogravure; of "comic sections" speeding through four colors at the rate of eight copies to the second. The ramifications of a huge organization like the Tribune's are tremendous: twelve thousand miles of leased wire leading into the Tribune news room from twenty-seven outside papers; a thousand timber-jacks in pulpwood forests on the edge of Labrador, felling trees for Tribune editorials; telephone bells in the Tribune building jingling on an average of fifteen thousand times a day.

Of the whole process of making a breezy Chicago daily from unsuspecting forest timber, this book tells a graphic story. One factor it omits: all reference to Tribune economics. If dollars and cents must be shop secrets, at least it would be interesting to know, once the Tribune sets out to tell its history, what percentage of income is derived from circulation, and what from advertising; what relative expenditure is made for news and manufacturing and boosting circulation.

Items of that sort are absent from the Tribune's birthday book. Instead, along with the story of technical production there goes a less interesting summary of the paper's rôle in the history of Chicago. This part of the book is superficially written and stiflingly self-laudatory.

C. M.

A Correction

In Lewis Mumford's article, Beauty and The Industrial Beast, our issue of June 6th, page 38, column 2, line 3 and following should read "Ruskin once wondered whether one of the Italian masters would have preferred to paint steel rusted or shining bright; in other words would he have gone in for logic or caprice?"

Contributors

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES is the author of The Economic Consequences of the Peace, A Revision of the Treaty, etc., and is a member of the group which has recently taken over editorial direction of the London Nation.

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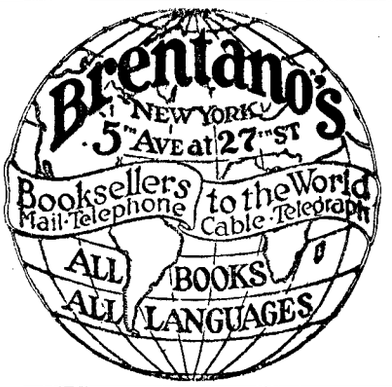

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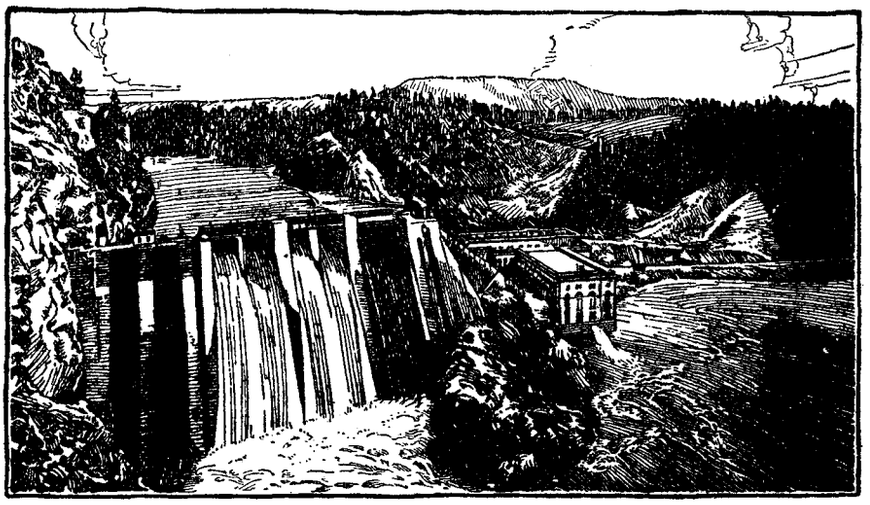

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